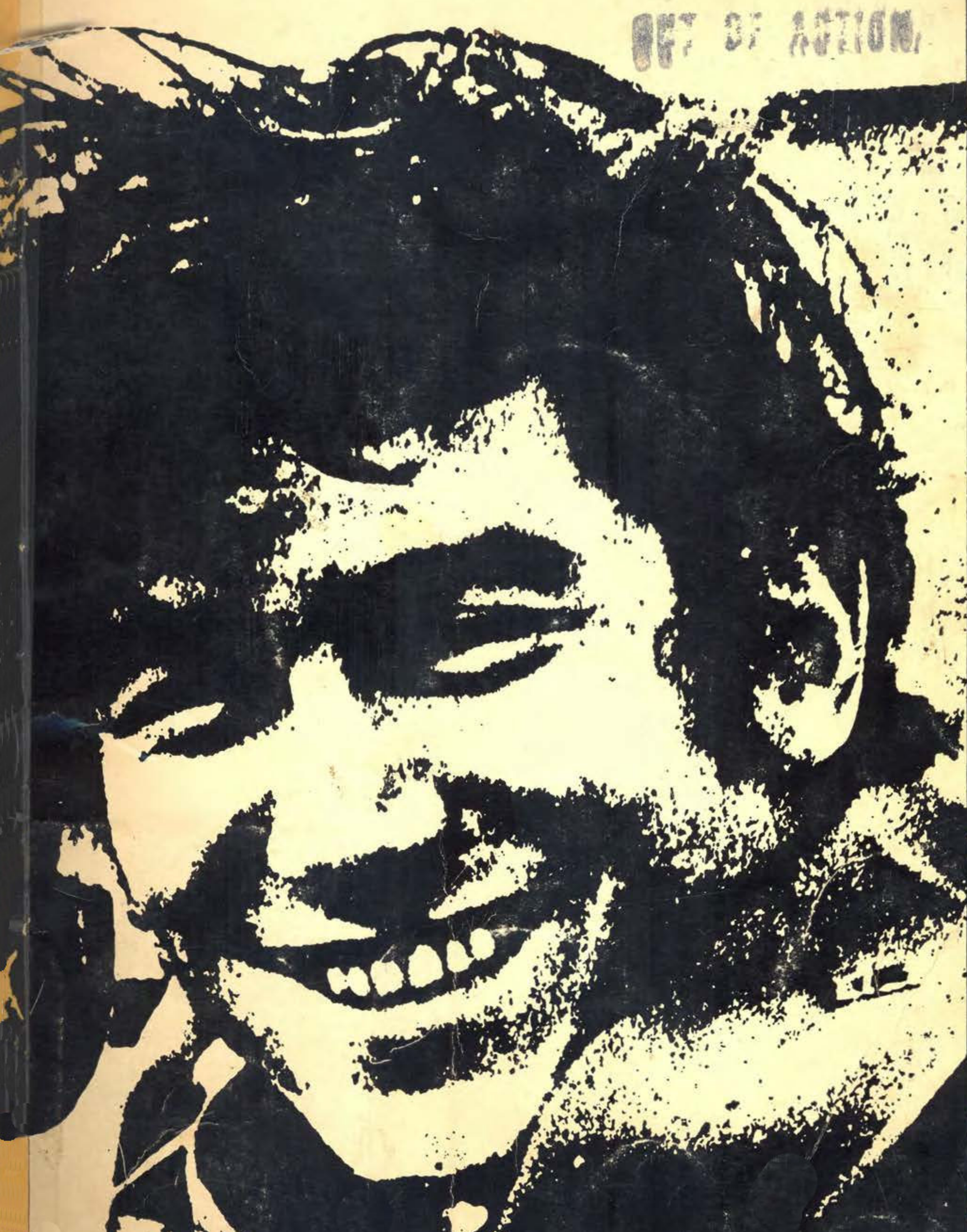
PHIL OCHS

OUT OF ACTION



THE WAR IS OVER

BARRICADE MUSIC, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

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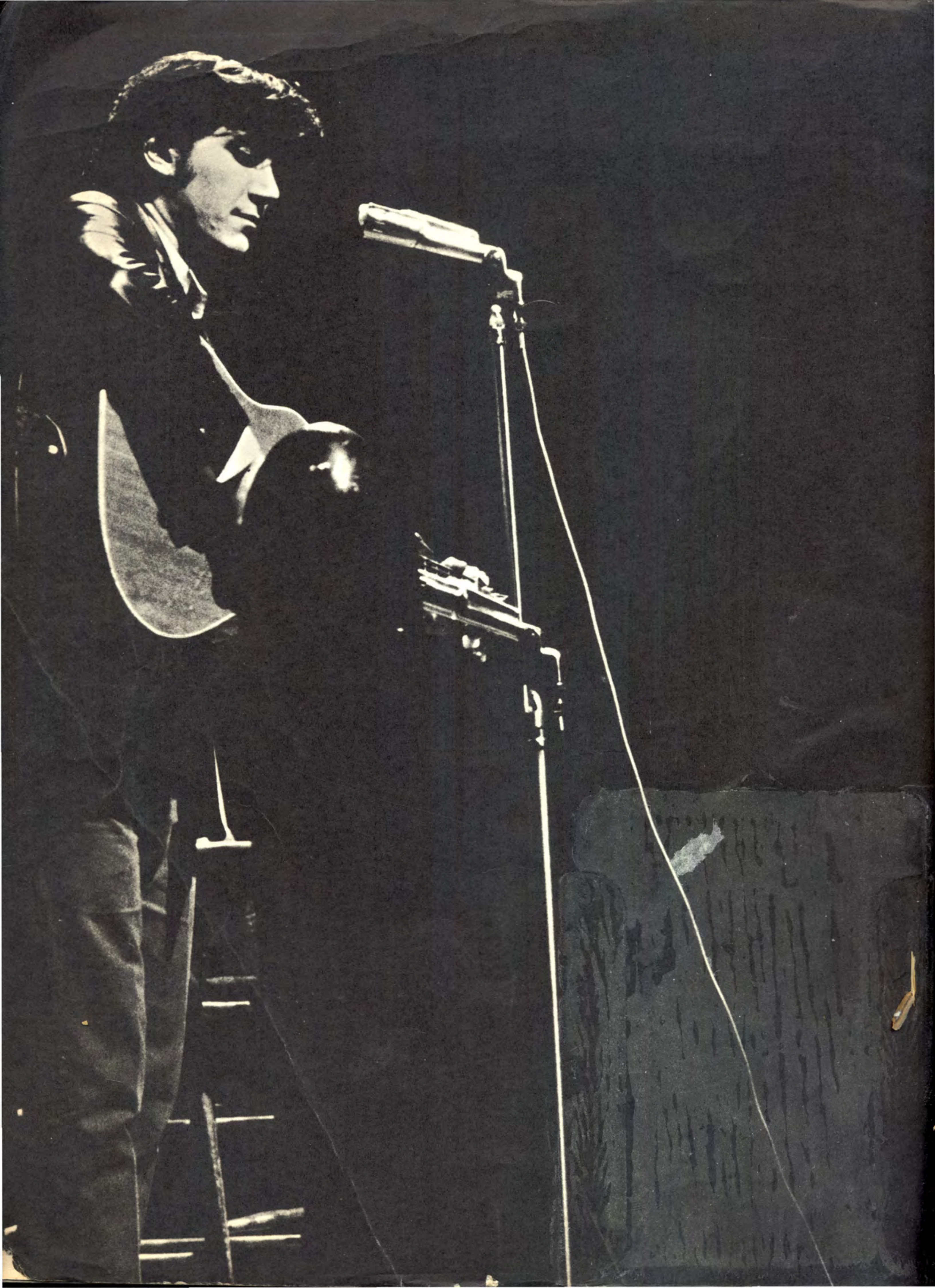

ah, but in such

an ugly time

the true protest

is beauty

THE WAR IS OVER

PHIL OCHS

for jim garrison, eldridge cleaver, and meegan,

. . . who know something of the truth.

[redacted]
OUT OF ACTION

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OUT OF ACTION

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AND THAT'S

By ANDY WICKHAM

The Cheetah has about as much soul as a public lavatory, but more art is found in toilets these days than in the Cocoanut Grove, and so it's sometimes worth suffering the environmental tedium and the appalling manners of the waiters and doormen (one would have thought that the power of refusing ID is hardly a power worth abusing) to see some of the newer and better acts who play there merely because there isn't anywhere else.

I went there last week to see the Electric Flag and also to have a look at Clear Light, the new "two-drum" phenomenon whose Elektra billboard snarls fashionably down at you from Laurel and Sunset.

Anderle had given me the album, and although I had difficulty getting past the sleeve I did give it a fair hearing, and it sounded very much like the mixture as before, the give-away being Elektra's instructions on the back liner, that "to obtain maximum enjoyment from this album we suggest that you employ full volume" or words to that effect. So I saw Clear Light and I saw The Flag and they're probably very good; I couldn't really say, for at a certain high and a certain time of the evening, they all sound alike to my unfortunate ear.

Now "peace of mind" is supposed to be the objective in this whole thing, and I'll go along with that and will even be honest enough to admit that this is something I haven't lived with for 23 years, but nevertheless, I refuse to be emotionally raped in order to obtain it.

The "new music," as Gleason calls it, has given us many things — honesty being probably the most important of these. Certainly not the least important is the "we're all here and we're all one" philosophy which has given everybody the realistic opportunity to pick up an axe and have a go.

And so we have this bizarre collection of groups ("beautiful people") — you know who I mean — fat, bald thirty-seven year-olds shouting fifth-rate Sam & Dave (blues is predictably in vogue at the moment among white musicians, which all goes back to what Buffy St. Marie was saying about Americans having a perverted desire to identify with their oppressed), bricklayers and labourers out to even up with society and their parents, college drop-outs who have studied their music but are still engaged in private mental wars with the Dean, Negro sidemen who left their original bands because the neon shines brighter in the Top Forty game and a handful of lead guitarists (Clapton, Corbett, Bloomfield, Coryell) whose technical proficiency is undisputed and on whom praise is lavished out of all proportion because the guitar is fashionable today, just as the saxophone was in the fifties.

Most important of all, the "new music" showed that it's now possible to be a star with boils on your face. In other words, it's the MUSIC that counts, and it's all in the grooves in the long run.

But is it? Ringo Starr is no Ginger Baker, neither is Bill Wyman any Felix Pappalardi. The Rolling Stones made it because the combination of personalities was right. If pop is theatre, then the cast of characters must be larger than life. Jagger is larger than life. Skip Spence is not.

One would, of course, be a fool to question the VALIDITY of the "new music," because music is music and people are people and acid is both and there are no definitions, only semantics. It's all art, and the label doesn't matter.

What I am saying is that the difference between the Stones and the Doors, or more significantly the Byrds and The Moby Grape, is the difference between a squire and a blacksmith. The difference between Maria Muldaur and Janis Joplin is the difference between a ballerina and a stripper.

The new music, for all it's worth, is graceless, humourless and is becoming sadly formularised.

Here's what I mean. I was in a car full of people the other night — good people — and it was late, and the ratings battle was over for the day, so KRLA was playing uninterrupted album cuts, and when I turned on the radio we came in on a long instrumental passage that was immediately identified by my fellow passengers. "Bloomfield," they gasped, and there was this reverential silence, which turned into acute embarrassment when the disc-jockey informed us that we had just been listening to the Strawberry Alarm Clock.

Great art is timeless, but when art becomes stylized it is no longer art but merely a fad, just as surfing was a fad and folk-rock was a fad.

The "new music" (Hendrix, Airplane, Vanilla Fud
Doors etc.) tends to lack the delicacy of thought a
execution which is the natural sensitive high in a
form of self-expression. One cannot question its i
portance because it is the last communications me
and it's in dedicated hands, although as a frie
pointed out the other night, the guerrilla warfare in p
would be far more effective on a social level if it we
operating to the same degree in television, which
mains entirely in the hands of the enemy. But it is r
the ultimate form of communication nor does it rend
redundant the written or the spoken word (are we
ignore the poetry of Ginsberg or Cohen for the p
tentious ramblings of Procul Harum?). I can only spe
for myself, but if I am in captivity, then it would ta
more than Vanilla Fudge and their incredibly bori
interpretations of other peoples' hits to set me fre
Dylan perhaps. Or Hardin or Havens or David Bl
who is going to surprise a lot of people. But none
these has ever identified with any block movemen
although their spiritual influence, like that of th
Beatles, cannot be ignored. And the Paupers? Quic
silver? Steve Miller? No. I would rather be wooe
than raped.

We could get into pretension here, and pose th
question which would ask why it is that the Doors ar
held in reverence by the pop cognoscenti, while Nanc
Sinatra is held in scorn when both are selling the sam
thing right down to their black leather pants, but w
would then be digressing even further from the subjec
of this piece which is Phil Ochs whose art is neithe
new nor old, but timeless.

"The Doors," said Ochs in one of those whimsica
moments for which he is loved by most and envied b
more, "the Doors are a snack, The Stones were a meal.

But ah, you are saying, remembering your "Don'
Look Back" as any good student must, what does h
MEAN? What is Grace? What is Humour? Well, w
could get hung up talking about life-forces but i
really isn't that important because most of us have
common goal, and as Lennon/McCartney told us, "It'
getting better all the time" which, if not strictly tru
(how many days did Baez get?), was certainly war
encouragement from the twelfth grade at a time whe
morale was low.

Nevertheless, Phil Ochs has a new album out, an
you've probably heard it by now for unlike his last on
(which featured Mao's poetry on the back liner) thi
one is being played on the radio, on many radios i
many states not in its entirety as one might hope, bu
in bits and pieces unbanned as one would expect.

It is one of those albums that you KNOW is grea
before you hear it for one or either of the followin
reasons: that it is scorned in pop-intellectual circle
(of course — for its very brilliance dims, diminishe
and therefore threatens the contributions of its competitors); and that there are enough people aroun
acquiring intellects by digging it, planning reputation
from it, or polishing up their "taste" by turning other
on to it.

When writing of "the new music" in the Times a
couple of months ago, British producer Jack Good
noted that "anything

chs' album is essentially a human experience, pos-ibly THE human experience.

There is poetry here and there is music which neans that there are words and there are sounds but t is the employment of these elements that takes the ork beyond either.

"Pleasures Of The Harbour," for instance (which is he title song), is an eight minute movie set in a port - any port you like, because it's YOUR imagination — ith its bars and its whores and its sailors and its tories, and the song leads you through a thousand aces and places with a depth and sensitivity that nimates the senses — ALL the senses — so that you EAR the whispered quayside farewells, FEEL the slap f Wellingtons on cobbles, SEE the vessels silhouetted lack as they drop below a sunset horizon; you cry the ears and you laugh the laughs and that is true of the lbum as a whole which is why it is great. It is UMAN.

Analogy. When Dave Van Ronk sings "Cocaine," he no longer Van Ronk. He is a junkie, tired, broke and usted as he reels down Beale Street looking for aine, in search of the woman who's selling cocaine. 's not blues and it's not theatre. It's life.

So, Ochs has a song called THE PARTY [illegible] It's n the album and it exemplifies this critique to a point, e only difference being that Ochs is always Ochs. he Party is a song that pulls you back by the ears to that scene in the Hollywood Hills you wish you'd ever attended. The sort of party you leave wondering hat sort of impression you made. The sort of party pic threw for Donovan last month. And the sort of rty that Ochs would go to, and if you know Ochs as ell as I do, then you must smile when the copout mes out at the end. Ochs spends seven or eight inutes building his characters with sagacious skill d cunning, to the musical backdrop of a barroom ano, and as the comic reality he is establishing be-mes one with your own, you begin to wonder how 's going to justify HIS presence, which he does in e last verse by taking a look in the mirror and seeing ere "a laughing maniac writing songs like this."

Conversely, "The Crucifixion" wins because it is ld and strangely inhuman, a huge, bleak, ugly cavern thoughts and fears on which producer Larry Marks s experimented with the use of electronic sound. rucifixion" is probably Ochs finest work, a majestic all of sounds real and surreal through which Ochs, rennially the Boy Scout, marches firmly but poeti-lly to the end.

So there it is. The album is exquisite and you'll e it on the racks because it will probably be the ly album with a sleeve that doesn't shout at you, r Ochs is not a man who shouts, neither is he one th any spectacular sense of dress. No beads, buttons flowers here. Just Ochs in his farmers' cap and an d suede coat which he borrowed from his friend ichael Pollard who inherited it from Lenny Bruce d the association of names is no accident but more association of minds.

Ochs called from Montreal the other day, inform-g me in the same sentence that he has been washing mself in culture and that his album has sold 18,000 two weeks. Artistically he doesn't think he'll ever it, but if and when he slows down I have little ubt that he will. I have heard the first song for his xt album (if we're here) which is a thirteen minute mmentary on the fall of Los Angeles symbolising ultimate decay of the pagan society.

Here's the chorus:

> "And all the high-born ladies
> So lovely and so true
> Have been handed to the soldiers
> When in Rome do as the Romans do . . ."

And that's Ochs, and that's his album and it's a monument. He's there, Albert. I wish you could see it.

PHIL OCHS

.......about the author

I'll never forget the one time I saw Phil Ochs perform. It was in Hollywood and the crowd was tense with electric anticipation as the incredibly dapper figure walked out on the stage. Phil looked great that night; his crisp black hair had been freshly coiffed, his dark skin and eyes setting off both the startling brilliance of his freshly capped teeth and the red silk lining of his beautifully tailored tuxedo. In lightly accented English he introduced the first big hit, "La Bamba". A roar went up as the crowd started singing and clapping along. He followed this tour de force with "Lemon Tree" and "If I Had a Hammer". What a performer! He was called back for encore after encore.

On the bill with Ochs that night was a sloppy long-winded protest singer whose name I forget. I left in the middle of his act.

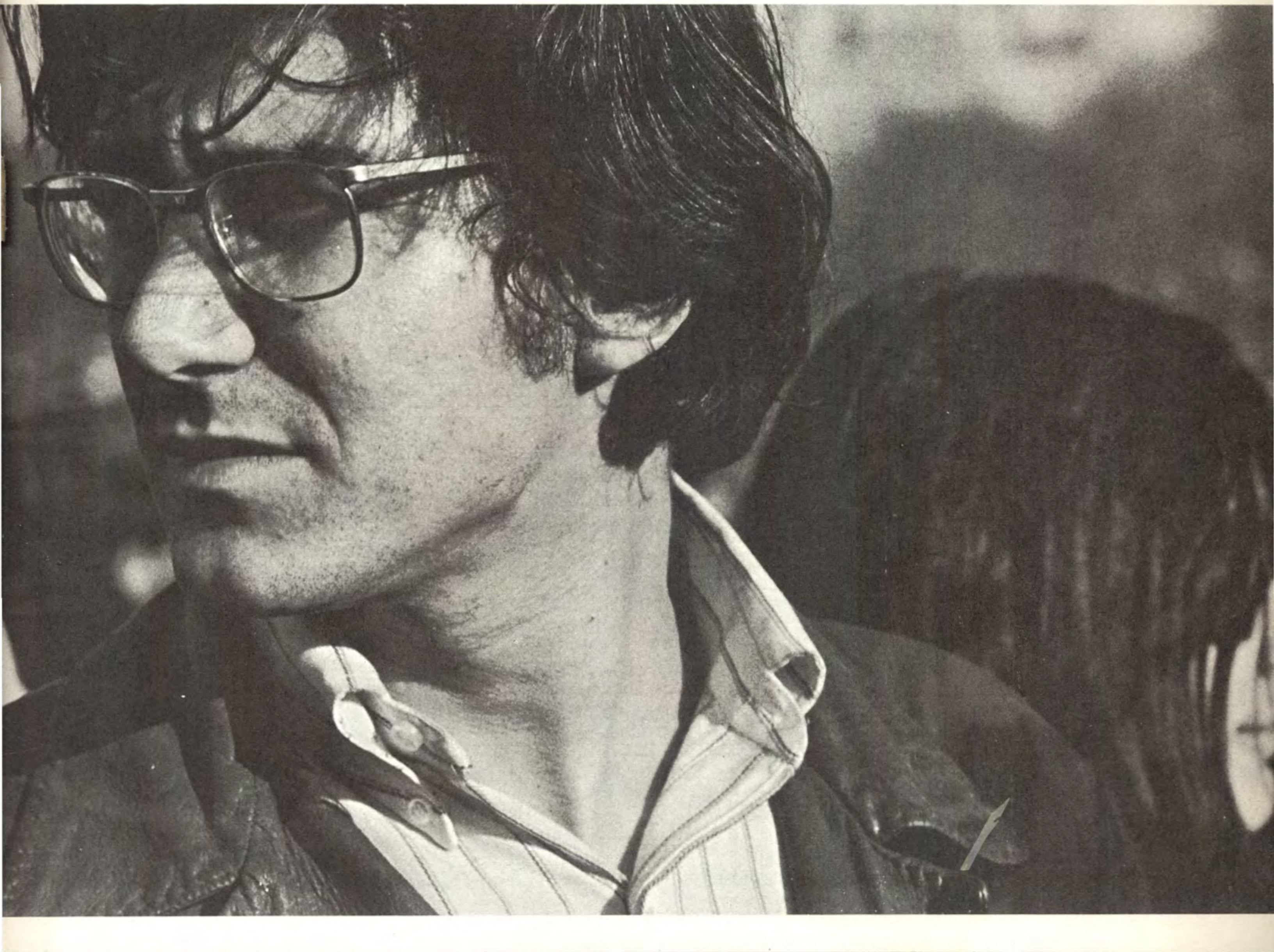
Judy Henske

ENCORES

Centuries took holidays
before these days
became desperately clear
that chariots full of Christmas cheer
could never draw the child near
but this year
one of the last remaining years
Santa Claus is a sniper
on the roof of Macy's
picking off the customers
splattering packages
and miscellaneous toes
everywhere.

missionaries built milleniums
and caravans of cucumbers were exchanged
before the sin of sharing was uncovered
and the chocolate bayonets were deranged
but this year
one of the last remaining years
the soul brother reindeer
having nothing but nothing to fear
have destroyed all possessions
as the holiest of gifts.

hymns have swallowed histories
and faded into love
before a winter full of autumns
had covered up their harmonies
but this year
though one of the last remaining years
the fading matinee idol
clutching the memories
of his almost unforgettable performance
turns sadly away
from the diminishing applause
of his most terrified believers.

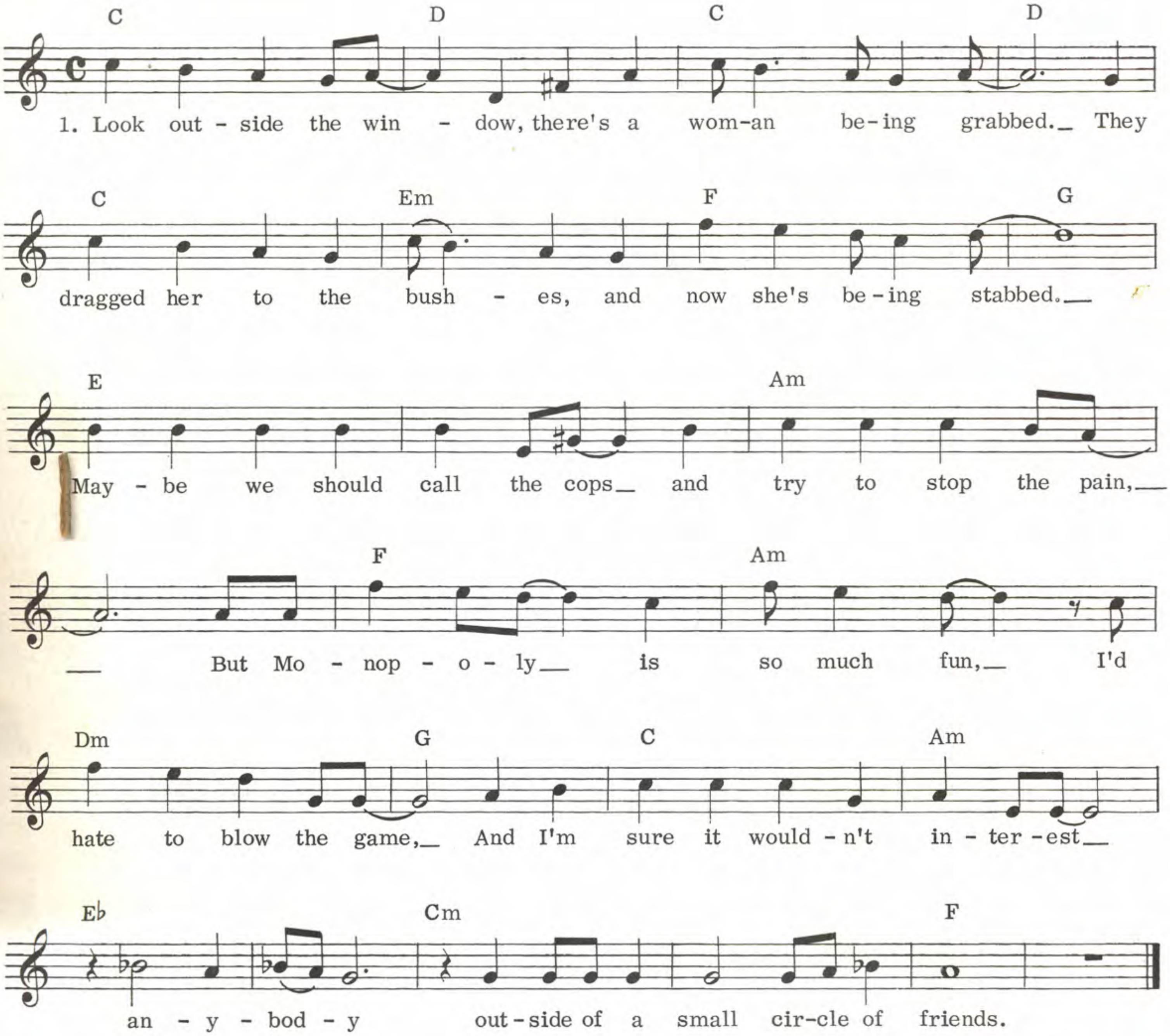


the songs

OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Brightly


C D C D
1. Look out - side the win - dow, there's a wom-an be-ing grabbed._ They
C Em F G
dragged her to the bush - es, and now she's be-ing stabbed._
E Am
May - be we should call the cops_ and try to stop the pain,_
F Am
_ But Mo - nop - o - ly_ is so much fun,_ I'd
Dm G C Am
hate to blow the game,_ And I'm sure it would-n't in - ter - est_
E♭ Cm F
an - y - bod - y out - side of a small cir-cle of friends.

2. Riding down the highway, yes, my back is getting stiff.
Thirteen cars have piled up—they're hanging on a cliff.
Maybe we should pull them back with our towing-chain,
But we gotta move, and we might get sued, and it looks like it's gonna rain.
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody outside of a small circle of friends.

3. Sweating in the ghetto with the Panthers and the poor.
The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor.
Now, wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops,
But they got too much already, and besides we got the cops.
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody outside of a small circle of friends.

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4. There's a dirty paper using sex to make a sale.
The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail.
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine,
But we're busy reading Playboy and The Sunday New York Times.
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody outside of a small circle of friends.

5. Smoking Marijuana is more fun than drinking beer,
But a friend of ours was captured; and they gave him thirty years.
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why;
But demonstrations are a drag, besides we're much too high.
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody outside of a small circle of friends.

6. Look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed.
They dragged her to the bushes, and now she's being stabbed.
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain,
But Monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game,
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody outside of a small circle of friends.

THE WAR IS OVER

is

there

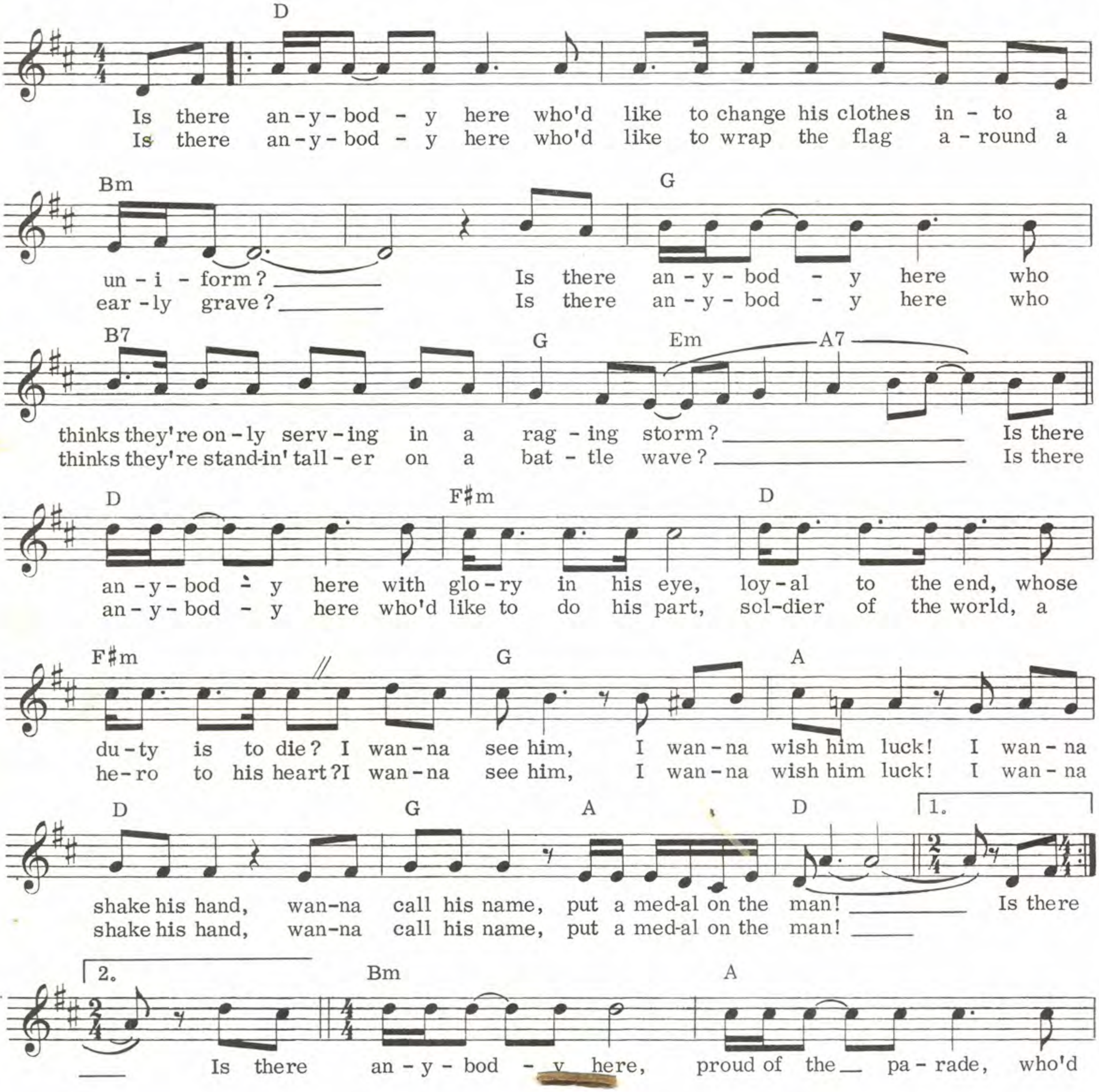
anybody

here?

IS THERE ANYBODY HERE?

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately bright


D
Is there an-y-bod - y here who'd like to change his clothes in - to a
Is there an-y-bod - y here who'd like to wrap the flag a - round a
Bm
un - i - form? ___
ear - ly grave? ___
G
Is there an - y - bod - y here who
Is there an - y - bod - y here who
B7
thinks they're on - ly serv - ing in a
thinks they're stand-in' tall - er on a
G Em A7
rag - ing storm? ___ Is there
bat - tle wave? ___ Is there
D F♯m D
an - y - bod - y here with glo - ry in his eye, loy - al to the end, whose
an - y - bod - y here who'd like to do his part, sol-dier of the world, a
F♯m G A
du - ty is to die? I wan - na see him, I wan - na wish him luck! I wan - na
he - ro to his heart? I wan - na see him, I wan - na wish him luck! I wan - na
D G A D
shake his hand, wan-na call his name, put a med-al on the man! ___
shake his hand, wan-na call his name, put a med-al on the man! ___
1.
Is there
2.
Is there
Bm A
an - y - bod - y here, proud of the ___ pa - rade, who'd

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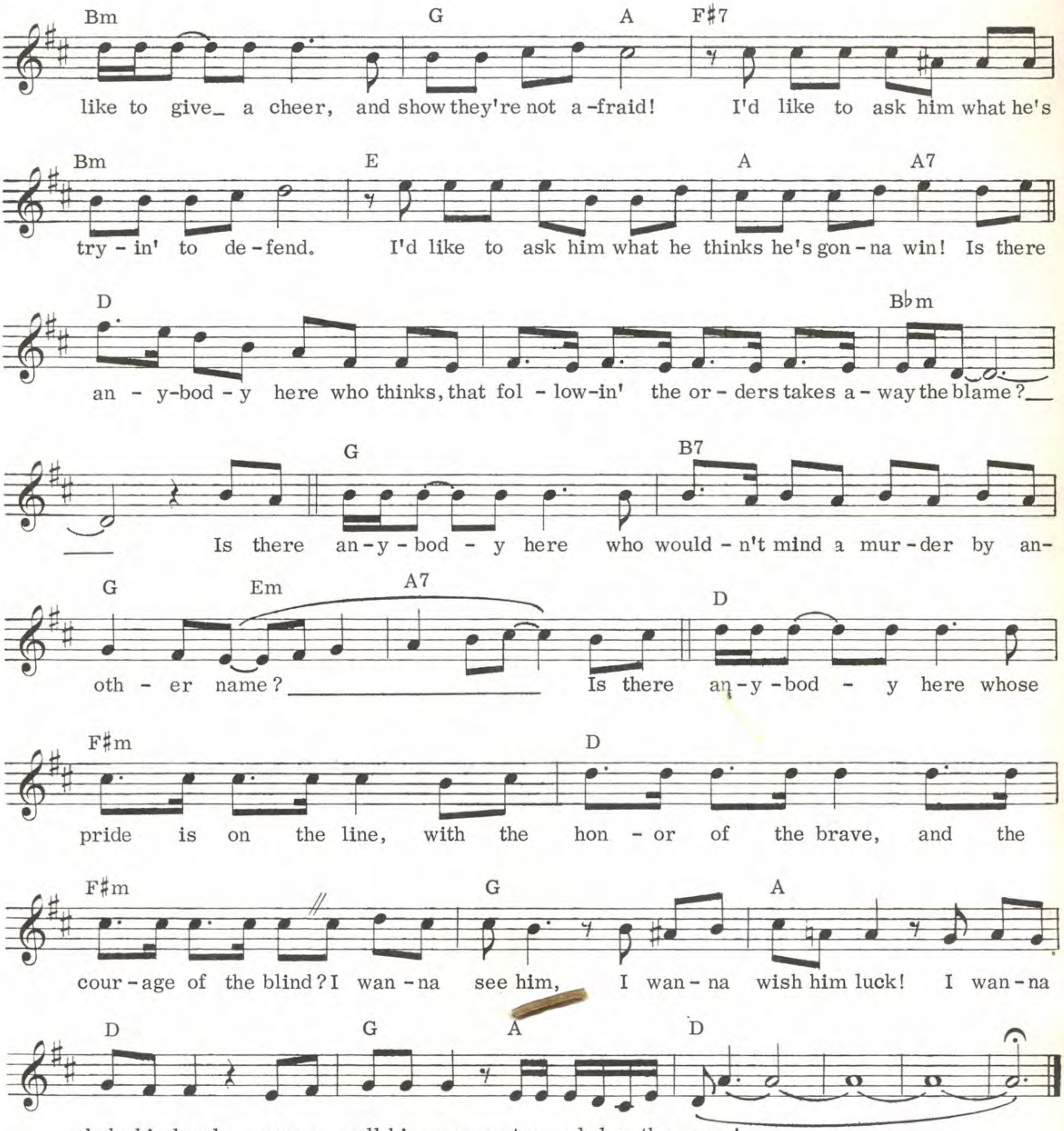
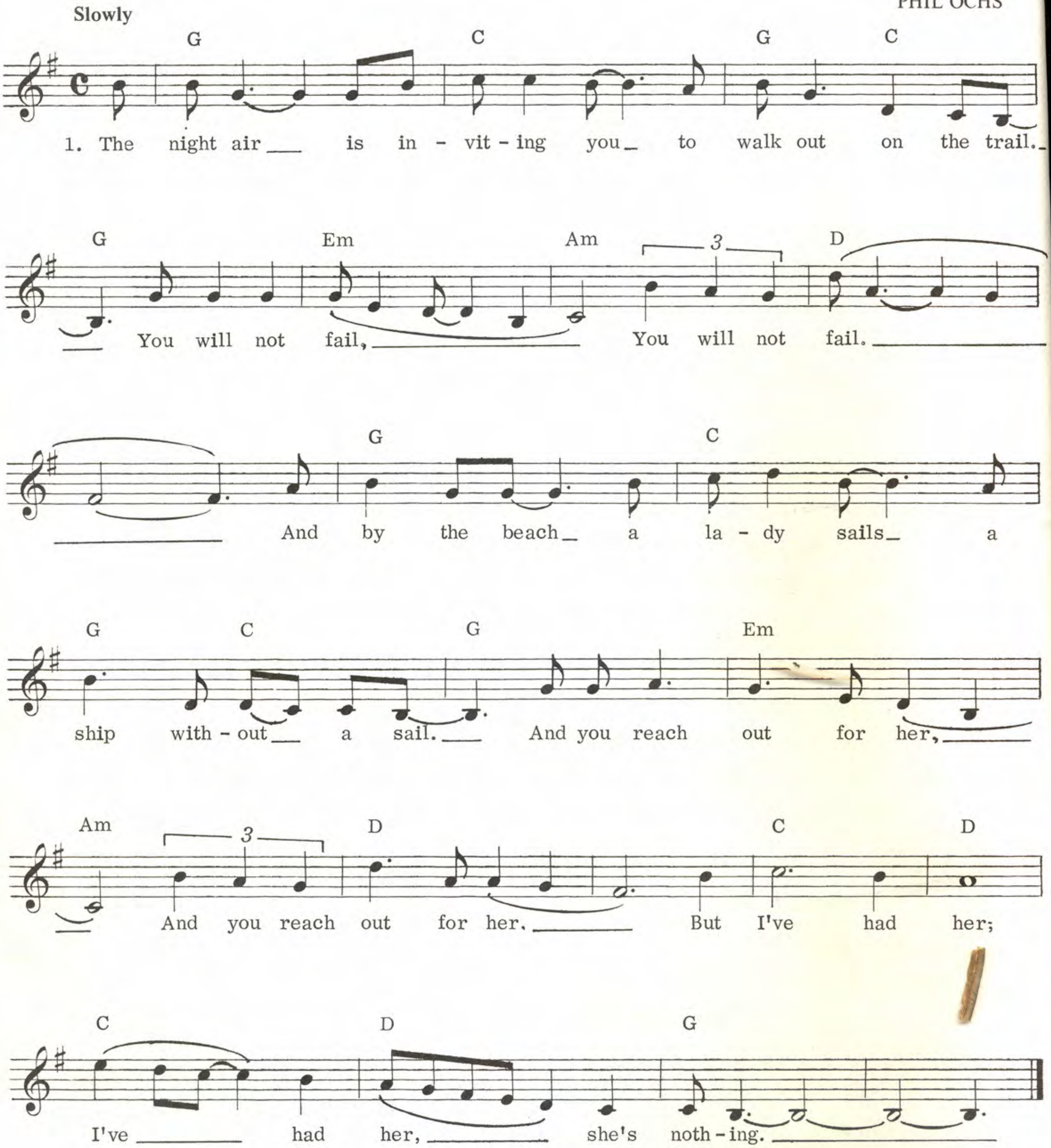

Bm G A F♯7
like to give_ a cheer, and show they're not a-fraid! I'd like to ask him what he's
Bm E A A7
try-in' to de-fend. I'd like to ask him what he thinks he's gon-na win! Is there
D B♭m
an-y-bod-y here who thinks, that fol-low-in' the or-ders takes a-way the blame?__
G B7
Is there an-y-bod-y here who would-n't mind a mur-der by an-
G Em A7 D
oth-er name?________ Is there an-y-bod-y here whose
F♯m D
pride is on the line, with the hon-or of the brave, and the
F♯m G A
cour-age of the blind? I wan-na see him, I wan-na wish him luck! I wan-na
D G A D
shake his hand, wan-na call his name, put a med-al on the man!________

I'VE HAD HER

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Slowly
G C G C
1. The night air is in - vit - ing you to walk out on the trail.
G Em Am D
3
You will not fail, You will not fail.
G C
And by the beach a la - dy sails a
G C G Em
ship with - out a sail. And you reach out for her,
Am D C D
3
And you reach out for her. But I've had her;
C D G
I've had her, she's noth - ing.

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2. Down the cliff you clamor, and you tumble to the shore.
The wild waves roar; the wild waves roar.
And on the reef the mermaid siren sprays one perfume more,
And she shouts to you; through the foam she shouts to you.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.

3. The players at the party are prepared to take a chance.
They drop their pants; they drop their pants.
In the corner she's so crystalline; no one dares to ask a dance,
And she calls out to you; And she calls out to you.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.

4. In the prison of your broken bed, you dribble in a dream
And find a queen, and find a queen.
But your sleep is sadly stolen by a face that is a stream
That's flowing out to you; she's flowing out to you.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.

5. The vision of the seven veils is racing down the road.
The signs are slow; the signs are slow.
But beauty is the mistress, and by beauty you've been told,
You speed the route for her; you speed the route for her.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.

6. *The fog has changed the city to a friendly frightened fawn.*
The shades are drawn; the shades are drawn.
To possess her misty madness, you would gladly duel the dawn
And fade out to her, and fade out to her.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.

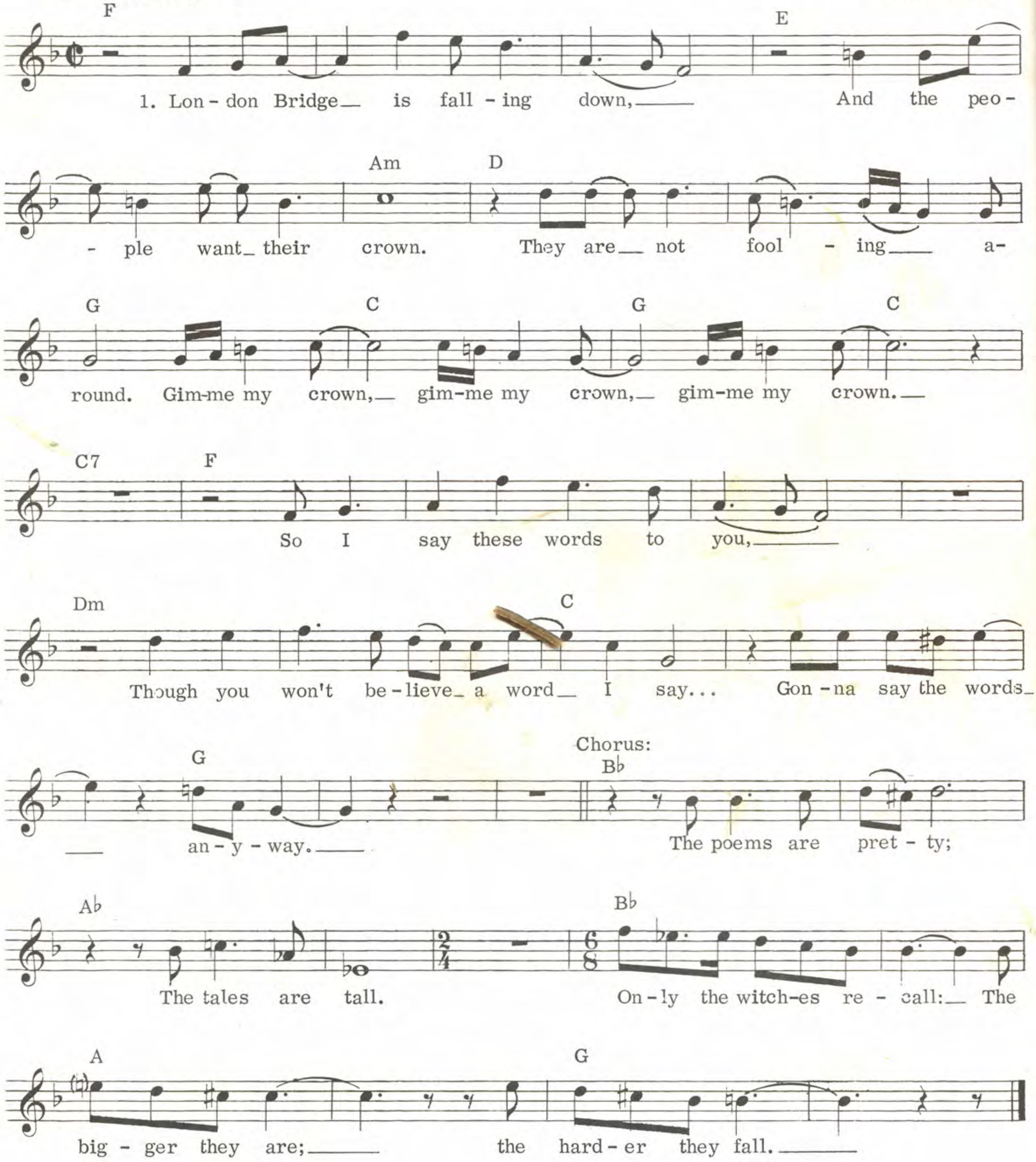
7. The circus clown, he hides a tear beneath his painted smile
And charms a child, and charms a child.
While the dancing girl on the prancing horse blows kisses down the aisle.
You roll about for her; you roll about for her.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.

8. All along the flaming field your fairy love is spread;
Your time has fled; your time has fled.
Now,the only way to touch her is the gun beside your head.
Now, there's no doubt for her; now, there's no doubt for her.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.

THE HARDER THEY FALL

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately bright


F
E
1. Lon - don Bridge is fall - ing down, And the peo -
Am
D
- ple want their crown. They are not fool - ing a-
G
C
G
C
round. Gim-me my crown, gim-me my crown, gim-me my crown.
C7
F
So I say these words to you,
Dm
C
Though you won't be - lieve a word I say... Gon - na say the words
G
Chorus:
B♭
an - y - way. The poems are pret - ty;
A♭
B♭
The tales are tall. On - ly the witch-es re - call: The
A
G
big - ger they are; the hard - er they fall.

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2. Jack and Jill went up the hill. They were looking for a thrill,
But she forgot to take her pill. Gimme my pill, gimme my pill, gimme my pill.
Through our fantasies we fly. In the prison of our dreams we die.
Praying in an apple pie.

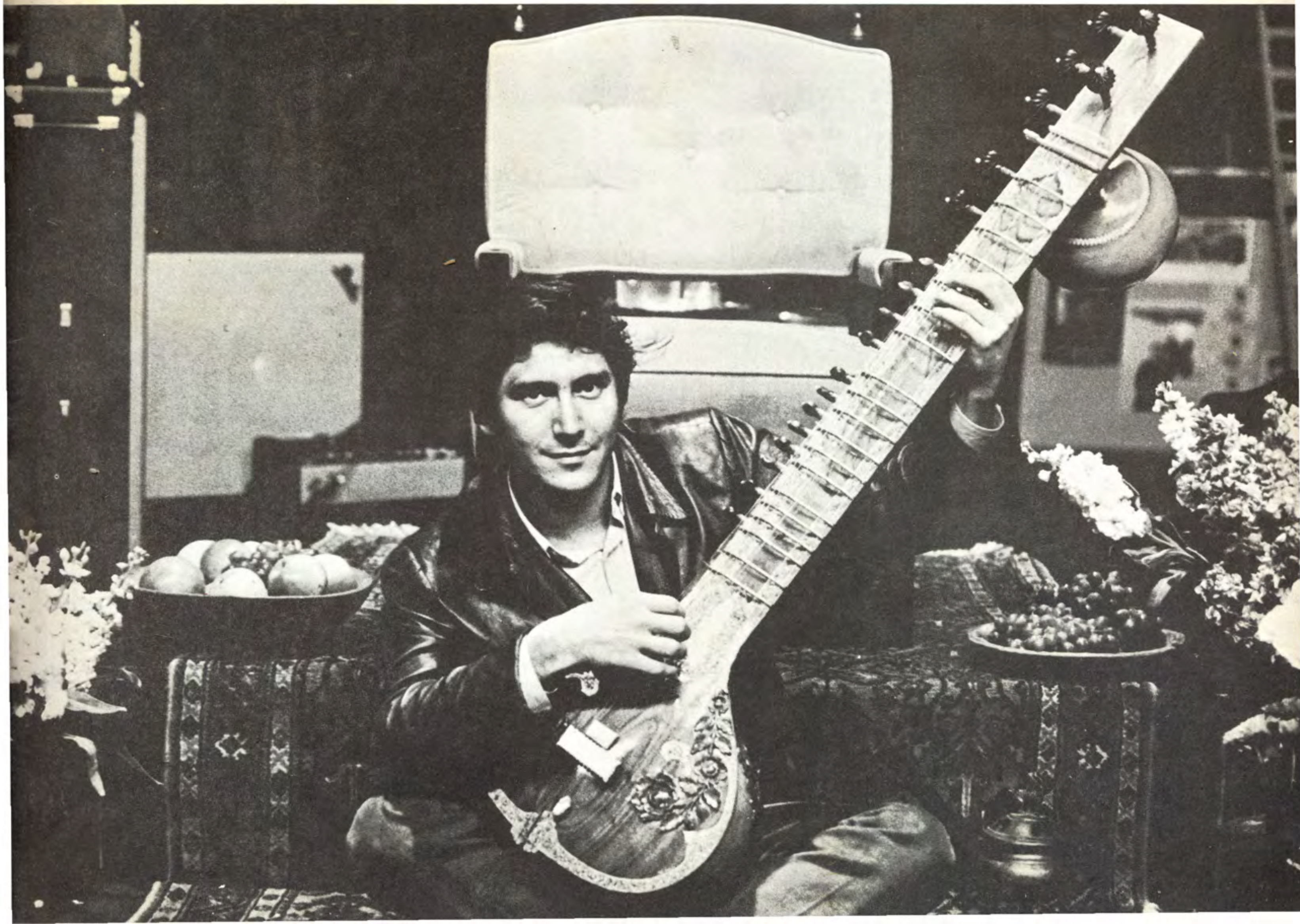
Chorus

3. Mary had a little lamb. Couldn't make it with a man.
She buried babies in the sand. Gimme my sand, gimme my sand, gimme my sand.
And her visions came to stay. She was beheaded on a holiday.
That's the price you have to pay.

Chorus

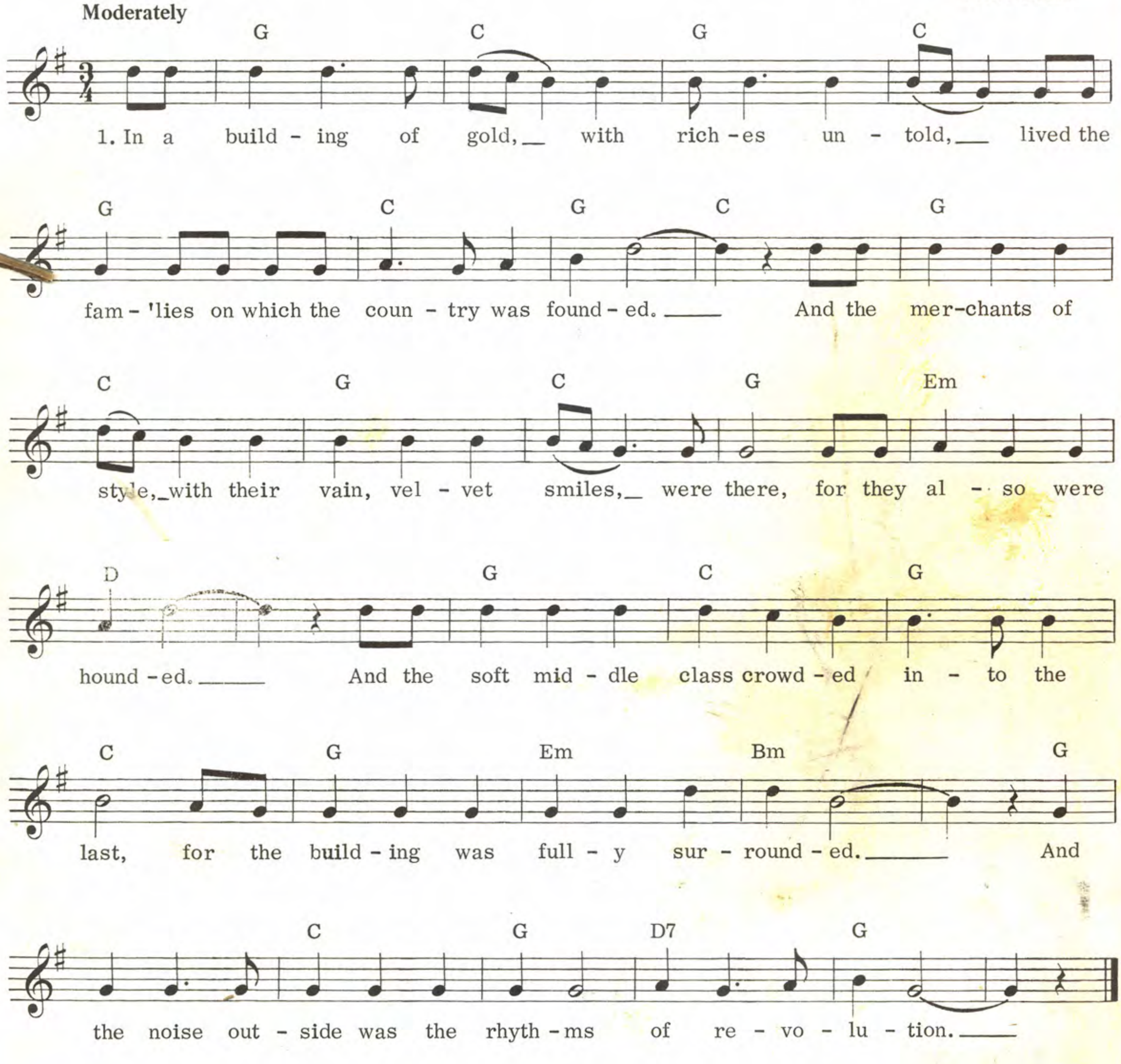
4. Yes, Mother Goose is on the loose, stealing lines from Lenny Bruce,
Drinking booze and killing Jews. Gimme my Jews, Gimme my booze, Gimme my Jews.
Six million jingles can't be wrong. From the dragon to the Viet Cong,
Fairy tales have come along.

Chorus



RHYTHMS OF REVOLUTION

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Moderately
G C G C
1. In a build - ing of gold, with rich - es un - told, lived the
G C G C G
fam - 'lies on which the coun - try was found - ed. And the mer-chants of
C G C G Em
style, with their vain, vel - vet smiles, were there, for they al - so were
D G C G
hound - ed. And the soft mid - dle class crowd - ed in - to the
C G Em Bm G
last, for the build - ing was full - y sur - round - ed. And
C G D7 G
the noise out - side was the rhyth - ms of re - vo - lu - tion.

2. Sadly they stared and sank in their chairs
And searched for a comforting notion.
And the rich silver walls looked ready to fall
As they shook in doubtful devotion.
The ice cubes would clink as they freshened their drinks,
Wet their minds in bitter emotion.
And they talked about the rhythms of revolution.

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3. We were hardly aware of the hardships they beared,
For our time was taken with treasure.
Oh, life was a game, and work was a shame,
And pain was prevented by pleasure.
The world, cold and grey, was so far away
In a distance only money could measure.
But their thoughts were broken by the rhythms of revolution.

4. The clouds filled the room in darkening doom
As the crooked smoke rings were rising.
How long will it take, how can we escape
Someone asks, but no one's advising.
And the quivering floor responds to the roar,
Is a shake no longer surprising.
As closer and closer comes the rhythms of revolution.

5. Softly they moan, please leave us alone
As back and forth they are pacing.
And they cover their ears, and try not to hear
With pillows of silk they're embracing.
And the crackling crowd is laughing out loud,
Peeking in at the target they're chasing.
Now trembling inside the rhythms of revolution.

6. With compromise sway we give in half-way,
When we saw that rebellion was a-growing.
Now everything's lost as they kneel by the cross
Where the blood of Christ is still flowing.
Too late for their sorrow, they've reached their tomorrow
And reaped the seed they were sowing.
Now harvested by the rhythms of revolution.

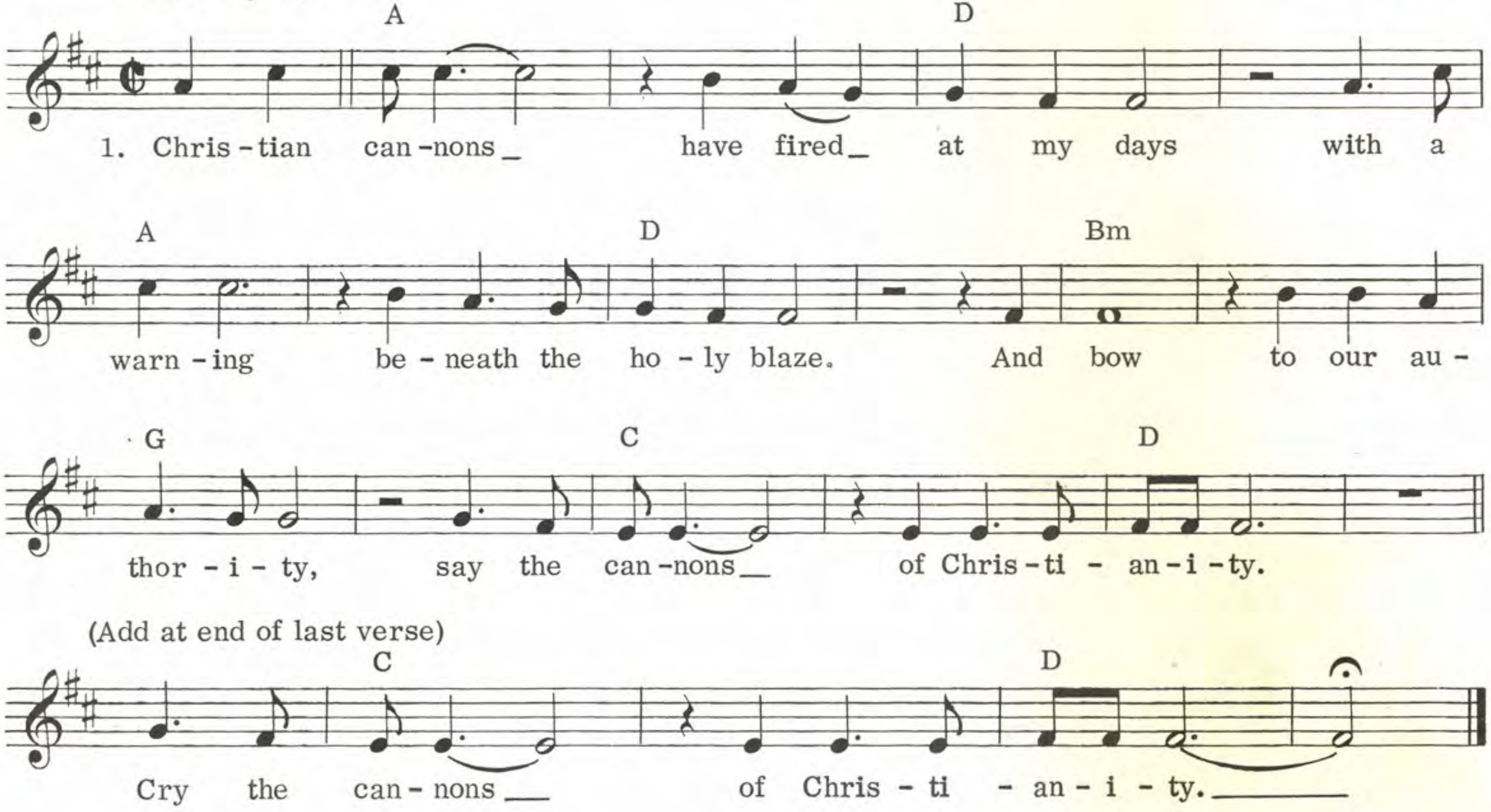
7. In tattered tuxedos they faced the new heroes
And crawled about in confusion.
And they sheepishly grinned, for their memories were dim
Of the decades of dark execution.
Hollow hands were raised; they stood there amazed
In the shattering of their illusions.
As the windows were smashed by the rhythms of revolution.

8. Down on our knees, we're begging you please,
We're sorry for the way you were driven.
There's no need to taunt; just take what you want,
And we'll make amends, if we're living.
But away from the grounds the flames told the town
That only the dead are forgiven.
As they crumbled inside the rhythms of revolution.

CANNONS OF CHRISTIANITY

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately slow


A
D
1. Chris - tian can - nons_ have fired_ at my days with a
A
D
Bm
warn - ing be - neath the ho - ly blaze. And bow to our au -
G
C
D
thor - i - ty, say the can - nons_ of Chris - ti - an - i - ty.
(Add at end of last verse)
C
D
Cry the can - nons ___ of Chris - ti - an - i - ty. ______

2. Oh, the children will be sent to schools.
Minds of clay are moulded to the rules,
Learn to fear all of eternity,
Warn the cannons of Christianity.

3. Holy hands will count the money raised
Like a king the Lord is richly praised
On a cross of diamond majesty,
Say the cannons of Christianity.

4. Missionaries will travel on crusades
The word is given, the heathen souls are saved,
Conversions to our morality,
Sigh the cannons of Christianity.

5. Come the wars and turn the rules around.
Defend your soul on the battle ground
And the Lord will march beside me,
Drone the cannons of Christianity.

6. Cathedral walls will glitter with their gold,
And the sermons speak through silver robes.
Build the castles amidst the poverty,
Say the cannons of Christianity.

7. Worship now and wash your sins away.
Drop the coins, fall to your knees and pray,
Cleanse the world of all hypocrisy,
Smile the cannons of Christianity.

8. Christian cannons have fired at my days
With a warning beneath the holy blaze
And bow to our authority,
Say the cannons of Christianity,
Cry the cannons of Christianity.

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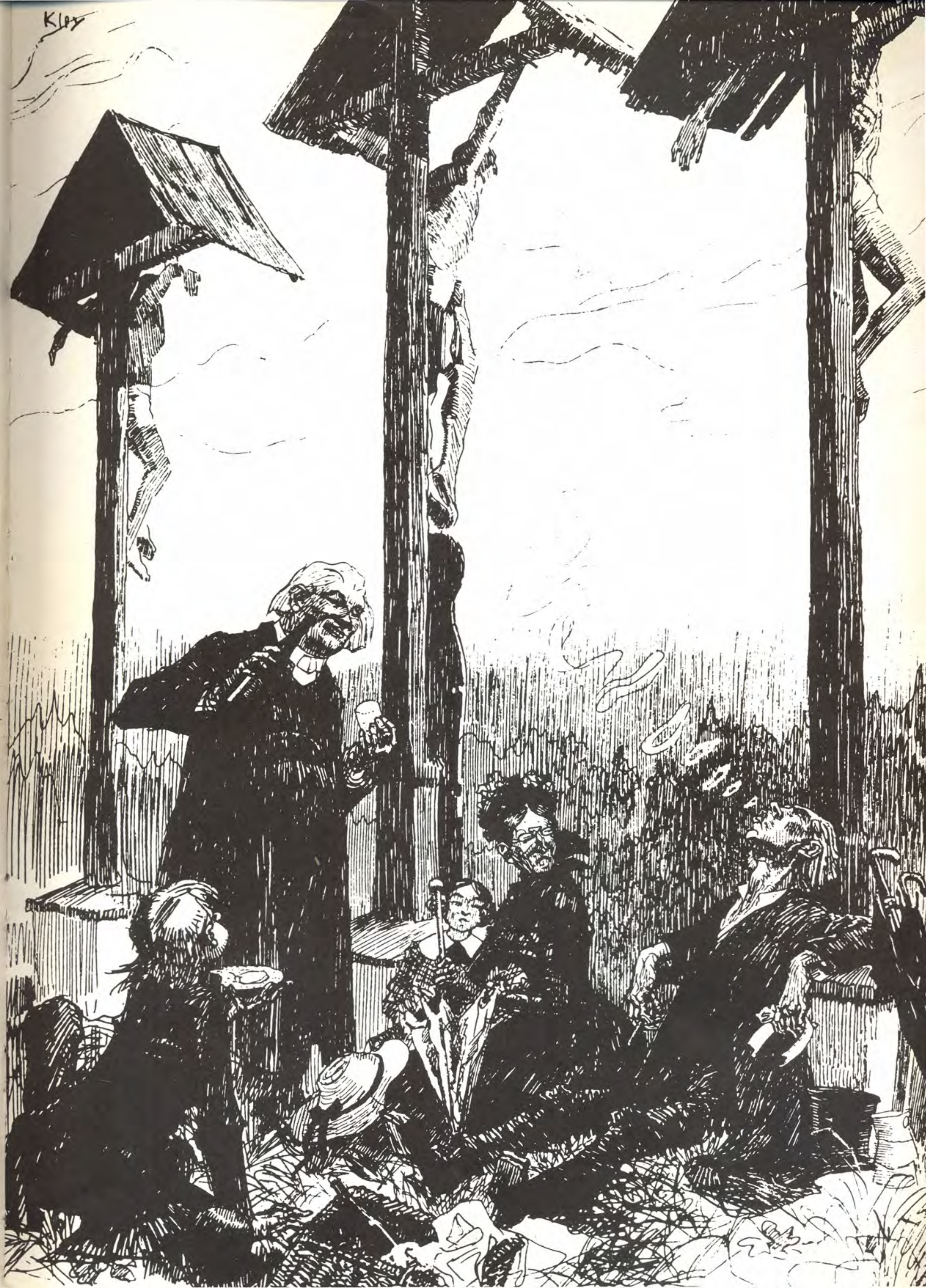
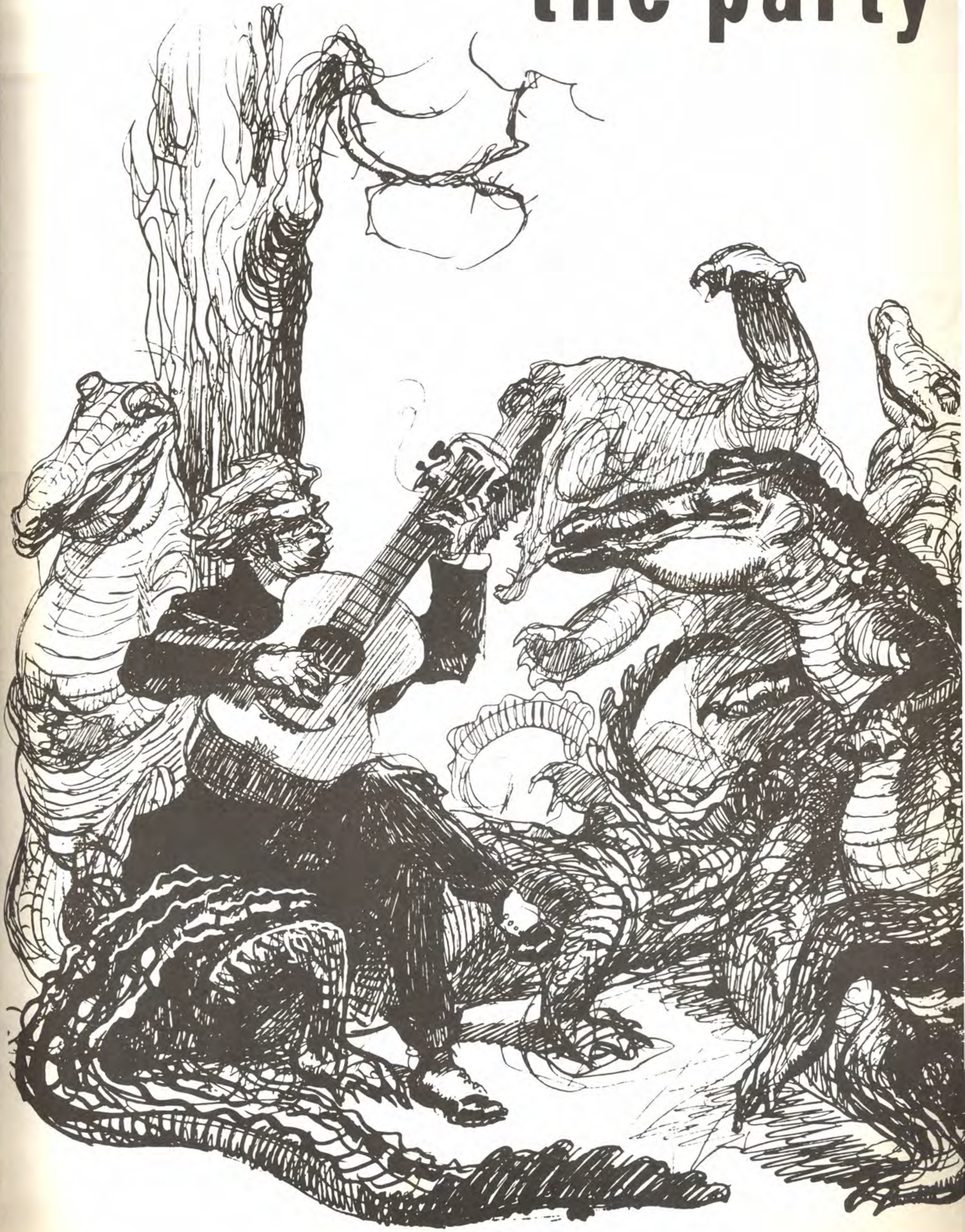

Kley

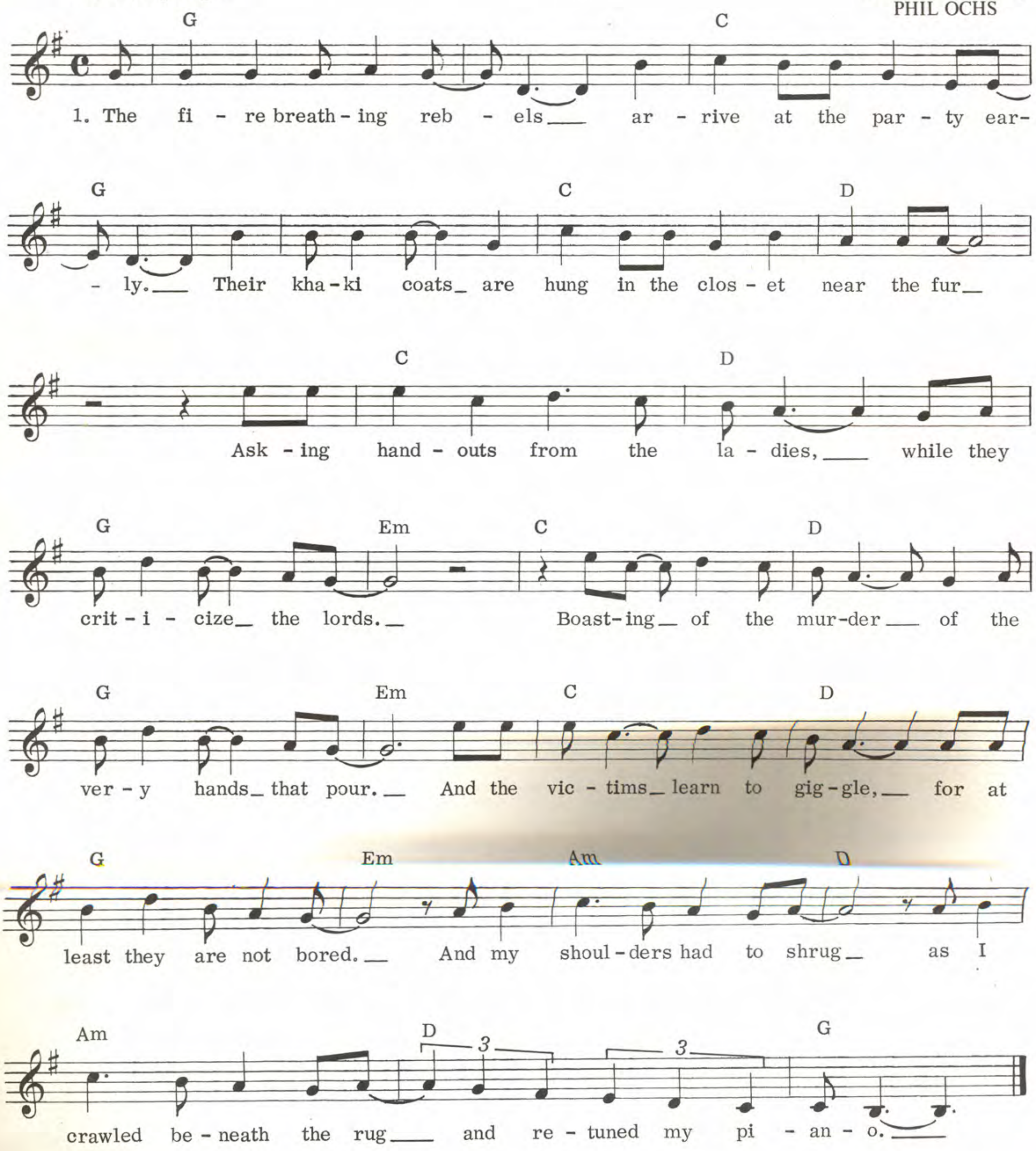
the party



THE PARTY

Moderately bright

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


G C
1. The fi - re breath - ing reb - els ar - rive at the par - ty ear-
G C D
- ly. Their kha - ki coats are hung in the clos - et near the fur
C D
Ask - ing hand - outs from the la - dies, while they
G Em C D
crit - i - cize the lords. Boast - ing of the mur - der of the
G Em C D
ver - y hands that pour. And the vic - tims learn to gig - gle, for at
G Em Am D
least they are not bored. And my shoul - ders had to shrug as I
Am D G
3 3
crawled be - neath the rug and re - tuned my pi - an - o.

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2. The hostess is enormous; she fills the room with perfume.
She meets the guests and smothers them with greetings.
And she asks, "How are you," and she offers them a drink,
The countess of the social grace who never seems to blink.
And she promises to take to you, if you promise not to think,
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.

3. The beauty of the hour is blazing in the present;
She surrounds herself with those who would surrender,
Floating in the flattery who's a trophy prize caressed
Protested by a pretty face sometimes cursed, sometimes blessed.
And she's staring down their desires, while they're staring down her dress.
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.

4. The egos shine like light bulbs so bright you cannot see them,
Blind each other blinder than a sandbox.
All the fury of an argument holding back their yawns.
A challenge shakes the chandeliers; the selfish swords are drawn.
To the loser go the hangups, to the victor go the hangers on.
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.

5. They travel to the table; the host is served for supper.
And they pass each other down for salt and pepper.
And the conversation sparkles as their wits are dipped in wine–
Dinosaurs on a diet, on each other they will dine.
Then they pick their teeth, and they squelch a belch saying,
"Darling,you tasted divine;"
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.

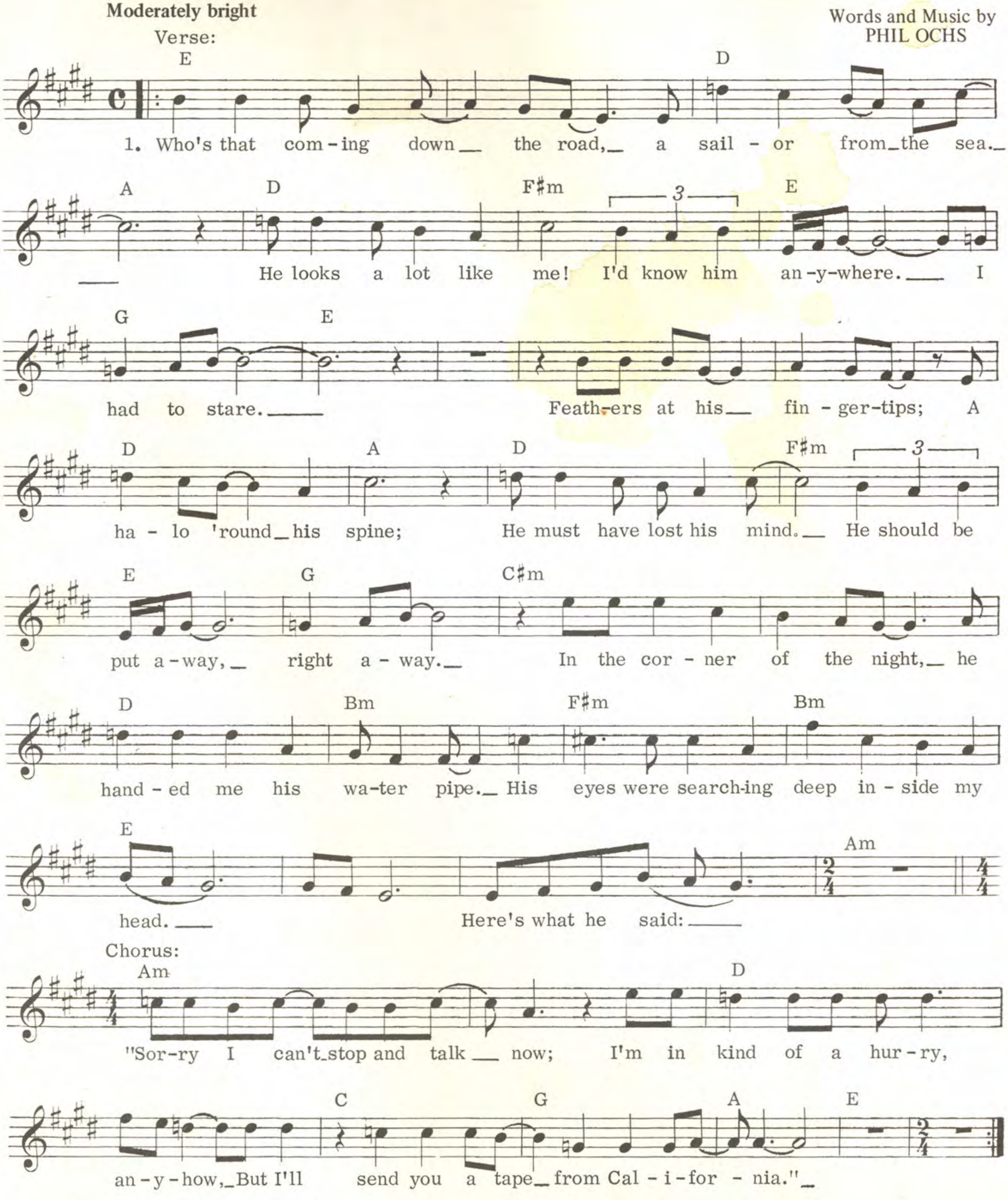
6. The wallflower is waiting; she hides behind composure.
She'd love to dance and prays that no one asks her.
Then she steals a glance at lovers, while her fingers tease her hair,
And she marvels at the confidence of those who hide their fears.
Then her eyes are closed as she rides away with a foreign legionnaire.
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.

7. Romeo is reeling, counting notches on his thighbone.
Searching for one hundred and eleven.
And he's charming as a child, as he leads them to the web,
Seducing queens and gypsy girls in the boudoir of his head.
Then he wraps himself with a tablecloth and pretends he is a bed.
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.

8. The party must be over, even the losers are leaving,
But just one doubt is nagging at my caustic mind.
So I snuck up close behind me, and I gave myself a kiss.
And I led myself to the mirror to expose what I had missed.
There I saw a laughing maniac who was writing songs like this.
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.

TAPE FROM CALIFORNIA

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Moderately bright
Verse:
E D
1. Who's that com-ing down the road, a sail-or from the sea.
A D F♯m E
He looks a lot like me! I'd know him an-y-where. I
3
G E
had to stare. Feath-ers at his fin-ger-tips; A
D A D F♯m
ha-lo 'round his spine; He must have lost his mind. He should be
3
E G C♯m
put a-way, right a-way. In the cor-ner of the night, he
D Bm F♯m Bm
hand-ed me his wa-ter pipe. His eyes were search-ing deep in-side my
E Am
head. Here's what he said:
2/4 4/4
Chorus:
Am D
"Sor-ry I can't stop and talk now; I'm in kind of a hur-ry,
C G A E
an-y-how, But I'll send you a tape from Cal-i-for-nia."
2/4

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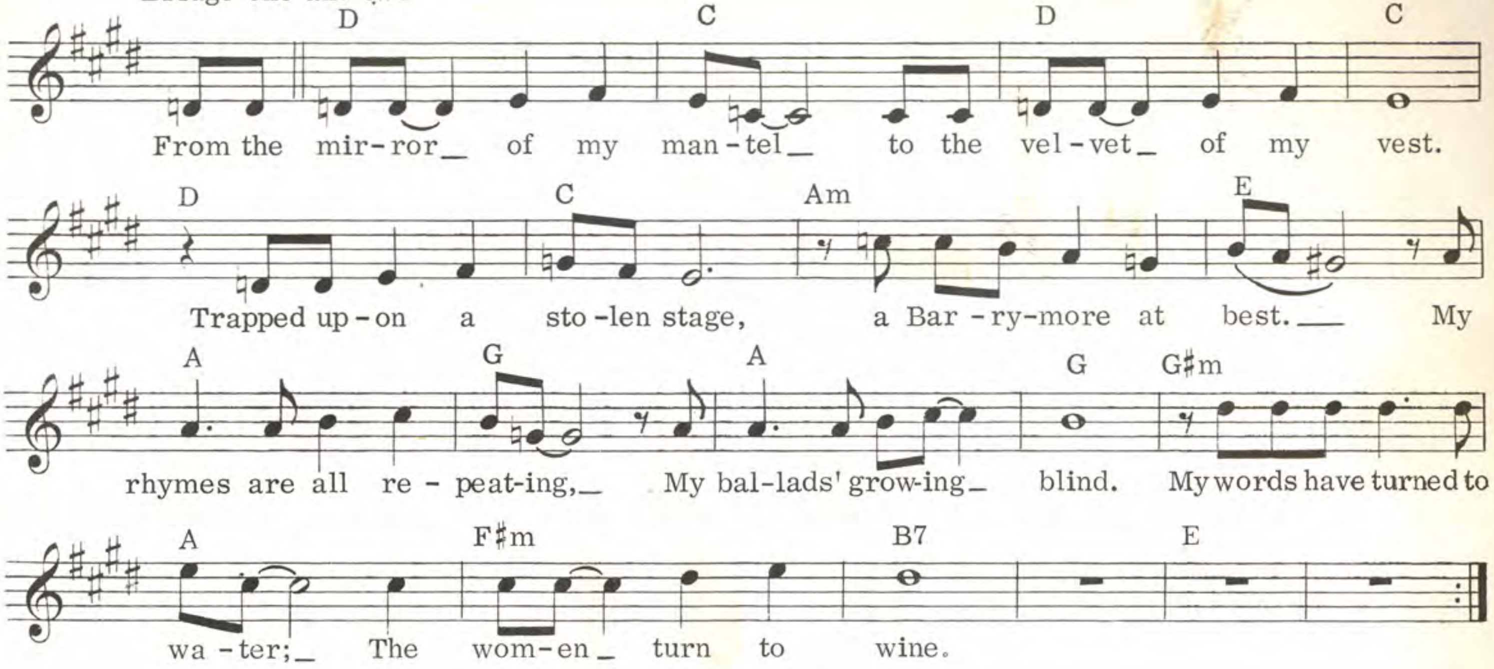
Bridge one and two


D C D C
From the mir-ror_ of my man-tel_ to the vel-vet_ of my vest.
D C Am E
Trapped up-on a sto-len stage, a Bar-ry-more at best.___ My
A G A G G♯m
rhymes are all re - peat-ing,_ My bal-lads' grow-ing_ blind. My words have turned to
A F♯m B7 E
wa-ter;_ The wom-en_ turn to wine.

2. New York City has exploded and it's crashed upon my head,
I dove beneath the bed, fighting biting nails, turning pale.
The landlord's at my window and the burglar's at my door,
I can't take it anymore, I guess I'll have to fly, it's worth a try.
Someone's banging on the wall but there's no party to recall,
The singer of the shadows of his soul, so he's been told.

Chorus

3. The draft board is debating if they'd like to take my life.
I'd sooner take a wife and raise a child or two, wouldn't you?
Peace has turned to poison, and the flag has blown a fuse.
Even courage is confused, and now all the brave are in the grave.
The century is bending, have a very happy ending.
To the victor go the ashes of the spoils, the seeds in the soil.

Chorus

4. The Flower Power Fuller Brushman's farming out his friends.
I stabbed him with my stem, and then I tapped his toes with my rose.
He crawled around inside himself; now he's crawling after me,
Dropping acid in my tea. He wants to save my soul with rock 'n' roll.
One of us must understand it's not the drug that makes the man.
Then a poster of a movie star walked by he must have been high.

Chorus

Bridge Two:

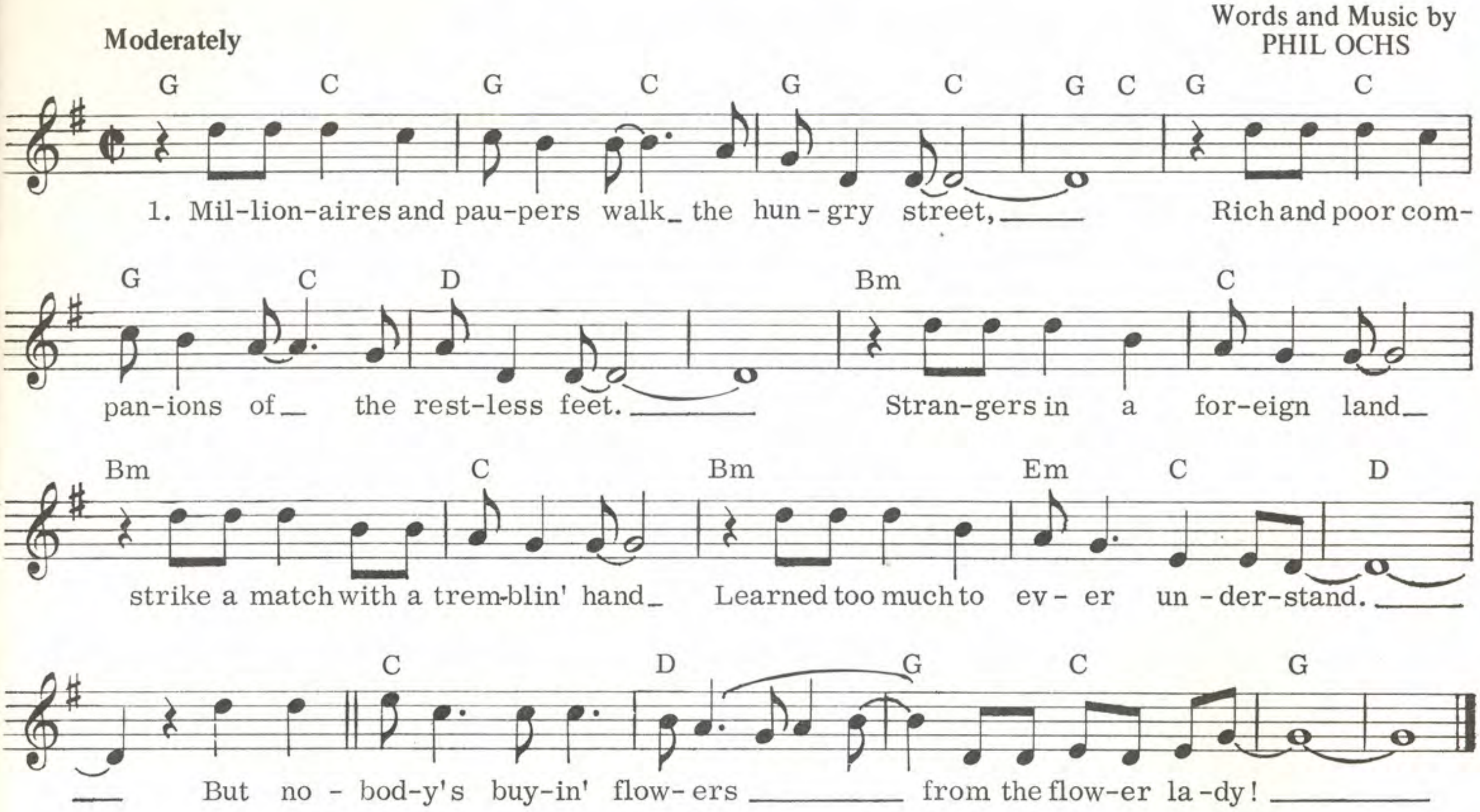
Half the world is crazy, the other half is scared.
Madonnas do the minuet for naked millionaires.
The anarchists are rising, while we're racing for the moon.
It doesn't take a seer to see the scene is coming soon.

5. So who's that coming down the road, a sailor from the sea.
He looks a lot like me; I'd know him anywhere–I had to stare.
Now a fire 'round his finger tips; a song around his spine.
He must have found his mind; he should be put away anyway.
Surrounded by the slaughter, now I'm boarding at the border,
When the echoes of my ecstasy appear, wish I was here.

Chorus

FLOWER LADY

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Moderately
G C G C G C G C G C
1. Mil-lion-aires and pau-pers walk the hun-gry street, Rich and poor com-
G C D Bm C
pan-ions of the rest-less feet. Stran-gers in a for-eign land
Bm C Bm Em C D
strike a match with a trem-blin' hand Learned too much to ev-er un-der-stand.
C D G C G
But no-bod-y's buy-in' flow-ers from the flow-er la-dy!

2. Lovers quarrel, snarl away their happiness,
Kisses crumble in a web of loneliness.
It's written by the poison pen; voices break before they bend
The door is slammed, it's over once again,
But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.

3. Poets agonize, they cannot find the words.
The stone stares at the sculptor, asks are you absurd,
The painter paints his brushes black; through the canvas runs a crack.
The portrait of the pain never answers back.
But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.

4. Soldiers disillusioned, come home from the war.
Sarcastic students tell them not to fight no more;
And they argue through the night, black is black and white is white,
Walk away both knowing they are right.
Still nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.

5. Smoke dreams of escaping soul are drifting by.
Dull the pain of living as they slowly die.
Smiles change into a sneer, washed away by whisky tears.
In the quicksand of their minds they disappear.
But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.

6. Feeble aged people almost to their knees
Complain about the present using memories.
Never found their pot of gold, wrinkled hands pound weary holes.
Each line screams out you're old, you're old, you're old—
But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.

7. And the flower lady hobbles home without a sale;
Tattered shreds of petals leave a fading trail.
Not a pause to hold a rose, even she no longer knows.
The lamp goes out, the evening now is closed.
And nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.

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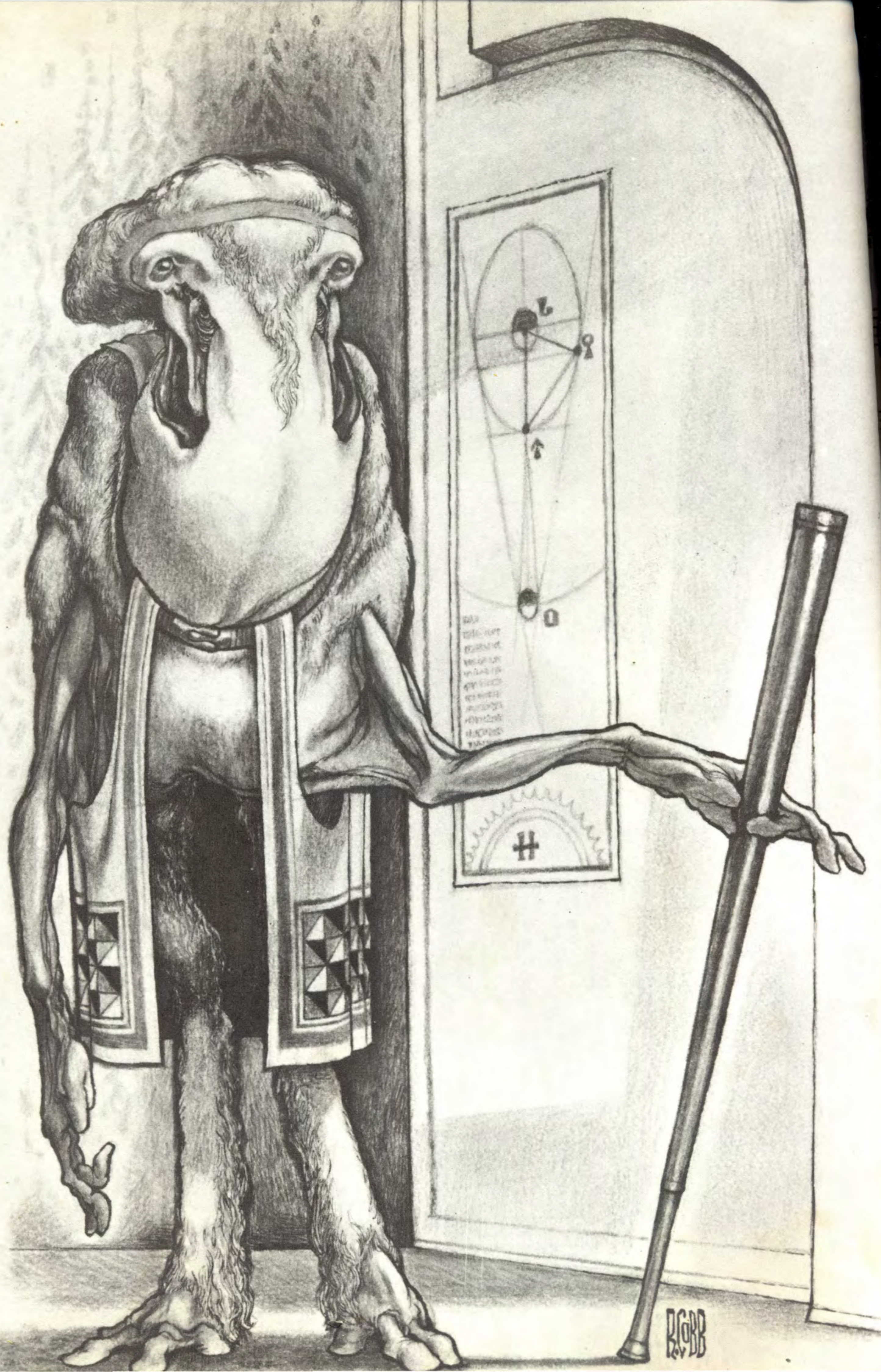
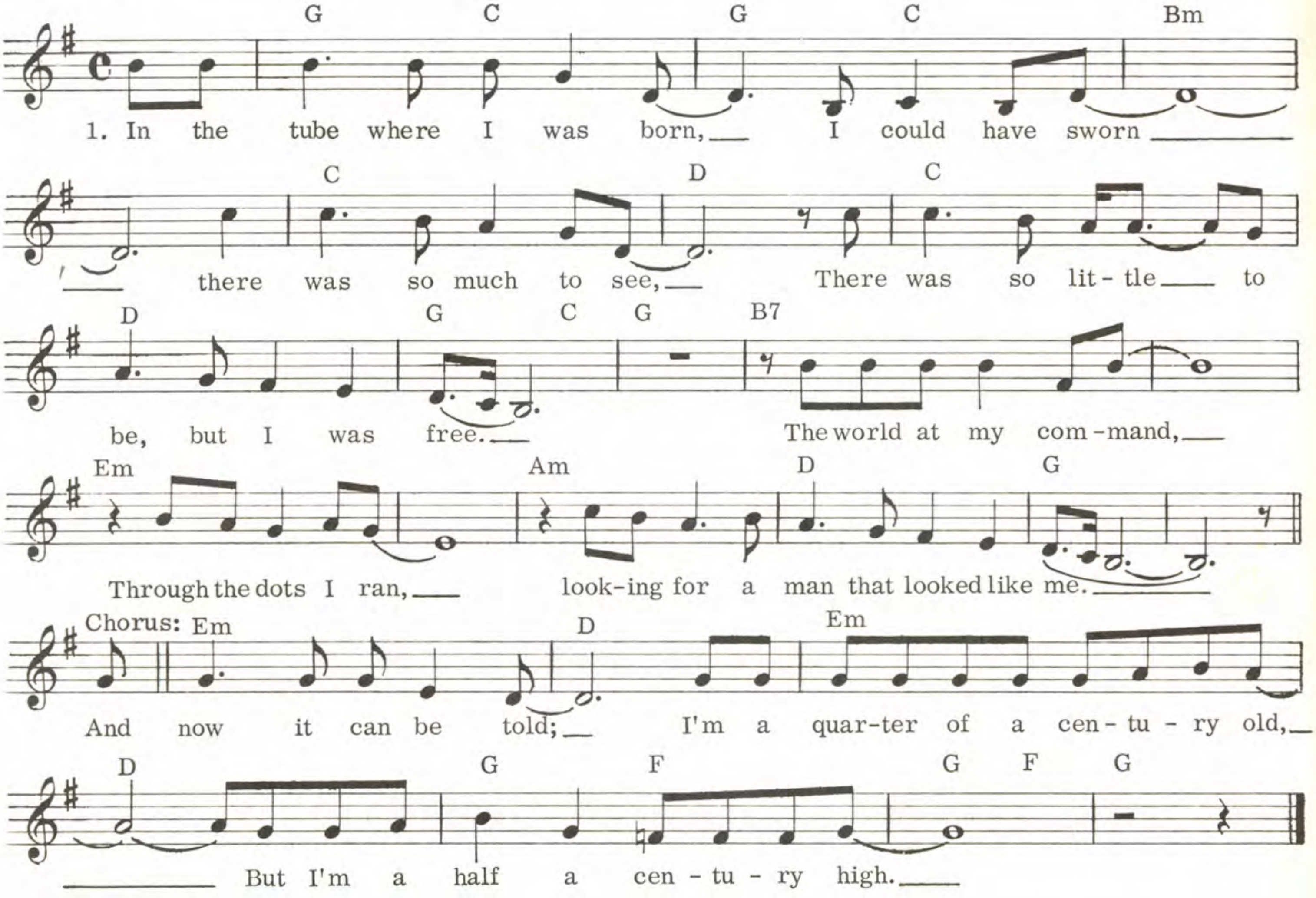

R.COBB

HALF A CENTURY HIGH

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately


G C G C Bm
1. In the tube where I was born, I could have sworn
C D C
there was so much to see, There was so lit-tle to
D G C G B7
be, but I was free. The world at my com-mand,
Em Am D G
Through the dots I ran, look-ing for a man that looked like me.
Chorus: Em D Em
And now it can be told; I'm a quar-ter of a cen-tu-ry old,
D G F G F G
But I'm a half a cen-tu-ry high.

2. In the tube where I was grown I was alone.
The figure on the floor, the dream behind the door, the sound was low.
The ball game on the street disappeared behind my feet;
Out of breath my heart would beat to see another show.

Chorus

3. In the tube where I was killed I was fulfilled.
The lies of light would bend, I'd stare until the end, and then again
Fascinated by the fad I gave all the mind I had,
And whenever I was sad I had my friend.

Chorus

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SUNG OUT

by PHIL OCHS

There is a new electric rock group sweeping the Village known as the Potted Flowers, which consists of a tulip, a daffodil, a dandelion, a carnation, and a black orchid. Who'd a thunk it? Electric Flowers. Their first appearance only last night has caused such a sensation that they have already been signed by seven companies, and some have gone so far as to label them the American Beatles.

Their strength seems to be that they are so typical of the frantic Village musical scene they have become an overnight symbol of the times. Many passers-by on MacDougal Street were overheard to say, "Listen to that volume, Stokely. There's no mistaking them, they're flowers, all right." Growing their petals extra long, hooking their very stems to amps, they have scientifically improved on nature to such an extravagant extent that some patrons inside the club almost mistook them for weeds. By the way, the basic conflict in this theme is man against music.

Before the era of the Potted Flowers, music was created in a less frenetic and more human environment. For example, Hank Williams sitting in his garage with his tape recorder and acoustic guitar produced more music than all the Village rock groups put together. To a certain extent, partially because it is a new idiom, many groups intending to become the masters of volume have become instead the prisoners of noise.

Inviting Murder

The groups should understand that if good music amplified is great, lousy music amplified is grotesque, thus inviting murder. For the electric music to have real value the exuberance must be balanced by a sense of control, and the loudness must be executed with a sense of beauty. There is no reason why electricity has to be equated with insensitivity.

Hank Williams was dealing with something more powerful than a speaker, that is, an individual sense of music, an intangible communication with his own private muse, an infusion of his own personality into his music.

The commercial folk boom in spite of its mass success and influence on other forms of music seemed almost incapable of producing truly creative artists since it avoided the classic disciplines required of all music. During those years I was always disturbed that I could never really get turned on artistically by the folk scene except for the vocal timbre of Joan Baez and the complete Dylan whirlwind. In terms of commercial groups, I think the only one that ever really went beyond arrangements and into vital music was Gibson and Camp, who unfortunately never got the widespread recognition they deserved.

Through these recent years the major aesthetic achievements on the musical scene have been in the form of individual recordings like the Righteous Brothers' "You've Lost That Loving Feeling," Bob Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone," the Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction," Beach Boys' "California Girls," the Beatles' "Rubber Soul" album, and now the Lovin' Spoonful have legitimately stepped into the class of heavyweight groups with their recording of "Summer in the City." And who can forget Barry Sadler, America's leading soul singer, offering us a new form of music death. In view of such an erratic market, many people are asking, where is it all going? Many others are too high to care. I suspect it is all a fantastic plot deviously designed so that the proceeds of all the marijuana sales in New York are actually supporting the war effort.

Aesthetic Vigilante

Perhaps where it is all going is where it has always gone: to those individuals who are able to avoid the stampede and spend their time and effort in bringing themselves together. I believe a re-evaluation and a new conception are needed to give the Village electric music the validity they claim to be striving for. Perhaps a mass citizens' arrest or an aesthetic vigilante terrorist squad is required, folks.

Now in the summer of 1966 two artists who have been on the scene for a few years will be releasing their first recordings which promise to be the first significant contributions to the musical scene in a long time. First Verve-Folkways is releasing Tim Hardin, considered by many to be the finest white blues singer in the country. Second, David Blue on Elektra has improved so much in the last year that he easily surpasses the great majority of his better known contemporaries from the Broadside-Sing Out scene.

Hardin works with a light combo background at different times including guitar, harmonica, piano, drums, vibraphone, and strings. If such a form as folkrock does exist, the nuances and phrasing qualities of his voice easily make him the master interpreter.

Not Unnatural

The recent school of white folk blues singers was widely criticized as unoriginal, or a bad imitation, or not having enough balls. Hardin can take the rhythm and blues idiom and handle its guttural intonations without any unnatural strain on his voice, which at the same time has enough depth and feeling to simulate the sweet lyrical sound of a stringed instrument. His vocal attack is always to the point, and his offbeat syncopation is enough to keep the most blase listener continually interested.

Hardin played at the Night Owl over a year ago and had a major influence on many of the local singers including the then unformed Lovin' Spoonful and the Mommas and the Poppas. He is the singer's singer; he is so together vocally that, like Dylan, he really goes beyond ego, and to hear him is to learn from him. He is the consummate artist, the teacher of other artists.

Into the Song

When he does a song, he makes his version THE version. For example if you want to understand one of the reasons why the folk scene missed the musical point, compare his rendition of "Green Green, Rocky Road," which he cut over a year ago, to any of the folk versions and the difference will have to be embarrassing. He is so far into the song that he exposes the superficiality of the other efforts.

Hardin is 25 now and lives in Los Angele practicing his singing with a studio quali tape recorder, and is constantly working o the subtleties and shadings in his voic Compare that approach to the raucous nois that pours out nightly on the Village stree and the countless number of long-haired apprentices who seem to mistake shouting fo singing.

Strong Original

David Blue has been prowling the street of New York for some years now, caustical attacking almost anyone who stepped on stage or put out a record. Now on his ow sides, which should be but aren't title "Blue's Revenge" he shows he has create a fantastic wealth of new material.

He looks like Dylan's older convict brothe and sometimes sounds like it, but behin the superficial similarity is the unmistakeable pulse of a strong original writer and stylist.

He is obviously influenced by Dylan, but unlike the imitators he overcomes the style and uses it, rather than letting the style overcome him. Although he is not together enough to be as good as Dylan, he sometimes exercises a better economy of words, better melodies, and a surprising subtle tenderness. He still lacks Dylan's maste imagery and the discipline required fo greater length and the development of more complex themes. Here are some examples o his writing:

Grand Hotel

The Lady smiles with tenderness
She offers up her key
Ah come to me when you need a rest
I only want to please
Here I was treated especially well,
This was a grand hotel.

Midnight to Morning

The room it was lit up,
Me too, I couldn't sit up
engaged was my time
in studying the walls
And all the poets kept getting louder
even though they weren't
needed any longer
outside the strapless
high-heeled street walker
believes every day
that she grows younger
Ah I wish I could be her lover
and go with her as she makes her rounds
and fall with her hair
as it comes down.

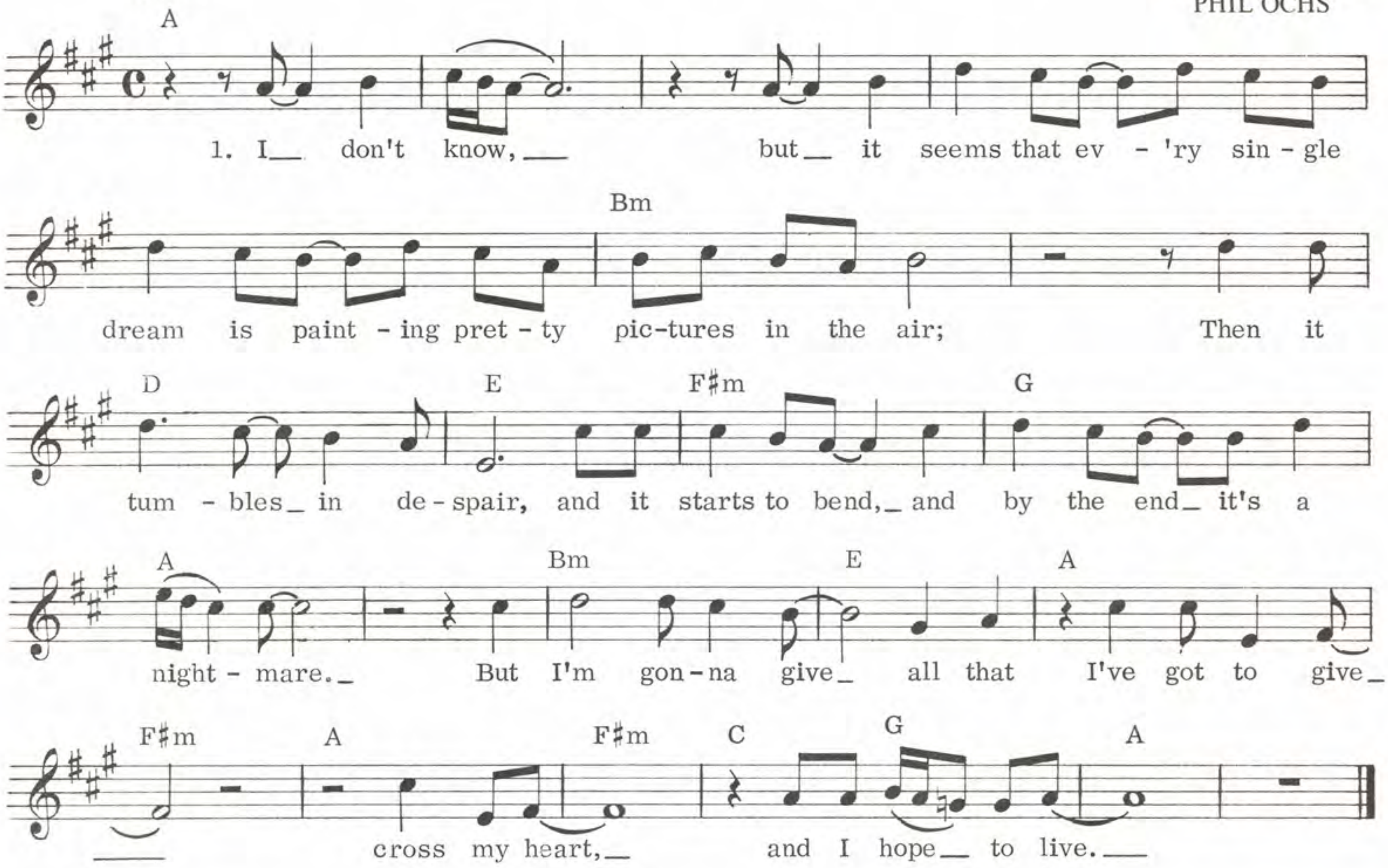
These two records may or may not b chart sellers, but they are certain to have major impact on a great many singers an writers, and they stand as two striking examples of the kind of value that can emerg from artists following themselves rather tha following the market.

If you can still feel misty-eyed after reading this article, thank God, Mister, 'caus you're still an American.

CROSS MY HEART

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Brightly


A
1. I__ don't know,__ but__ it seems that ev - 'ry sin - gle
Bm
dream is paint - ing pret - ty pic-tures in the air; Then it
D E F♯m G
tum - bles_ in de - spair, and it starts to bend,_ and by the end_ it's a
A Bm E A
night - mare._ But I'm gon-na give_ all that I've got to give_
F♯m A F♯m C G A
cross my heart,_ and I hope_ to live.___

2. I don't know, but it's true so many things you do
Please you so they leave you feeling warm.
It's the calm before the storm
For the habit grows, and before you know it you're deformed.
But I'm gonna give all that I've got to give,
Cross my heart and I hope to live.

3. I don't know, but I feel the safety isn't real
With everybody acting all the same,
For the rules will ruin the game.
So I'll go my way laughing while they say that I'm insane.
Yes, I'm gonna give all that I've got to give,
Cross my heart and I hope to live.

4. I don't know, but I find the speedy hands of time
Are wailing out a warning on the wall.
But nobody heeds the call,
And the soldier obeys while the parson prays for his downfall.
But I'm gonna give all that I've got to give,
Cross my heart and I hope to live.

5. I don't know, but I see that everything is free
When you're young the treasures you can take,
But the bridge is bound to break,
And you reach the end screaming it's all been a mistake.
But I'm gonna give all that I've got to give,
Cross my heart and I hope to live.

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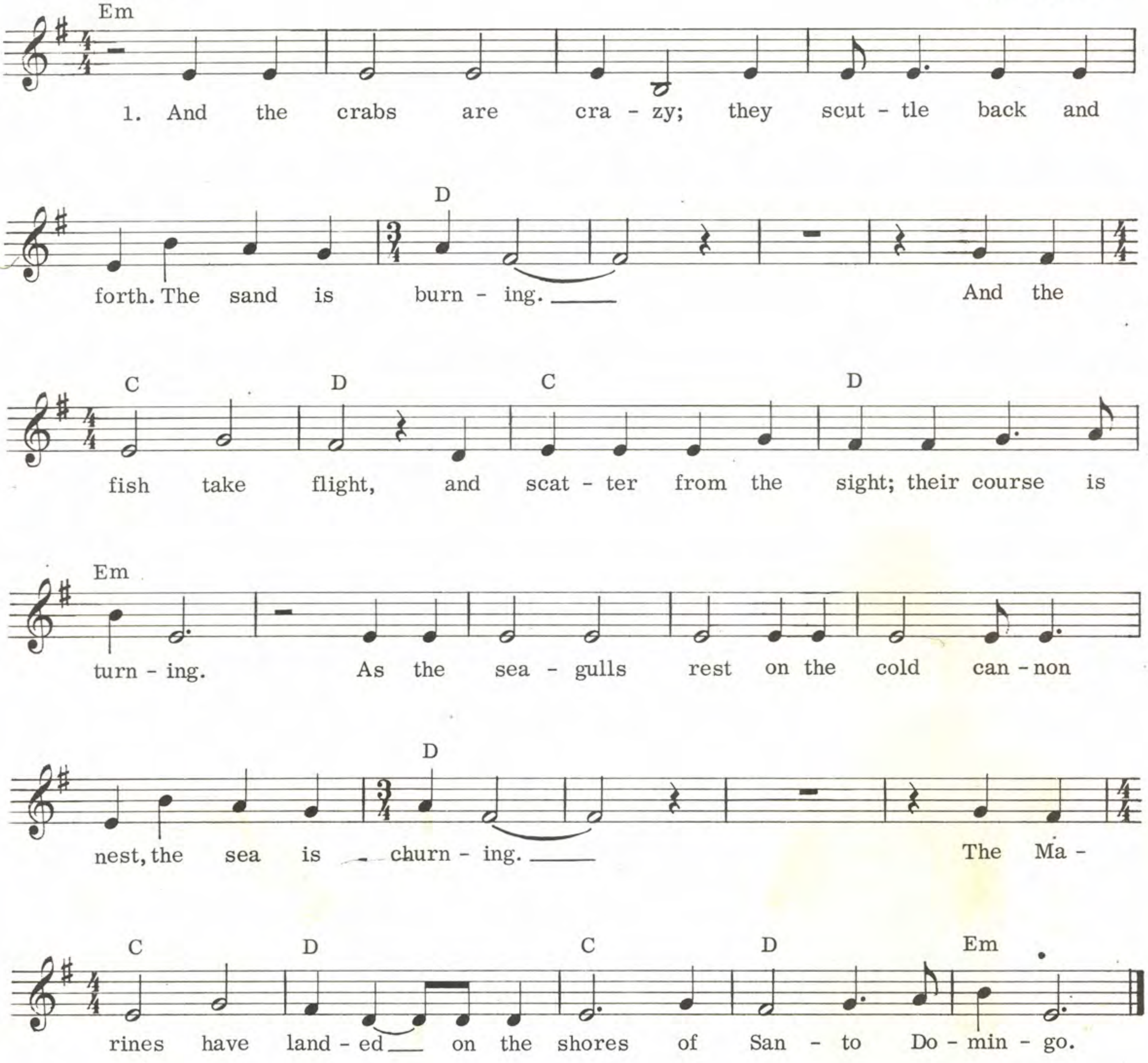
SANTO DOMINGO

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately


Em
1. And the crabs are cra - zy; they scut - tle back and
forth. The sand is
D
burn - ing. ___
And the
C
fish take
D
flight, and
C
scat - ter from the
D
sight; their course is
Em
turn - ing.
As the sea - gulls rest on the cold can - non
nest, the sea is
D
churn - ing. ___
The Ma -
C
rines have
D
land - ed ___ on the
C
shores of
D
San - to
Em
Do - min - go.

2. The fishermen sweat; they're pausing at their nets.
The day's a-burning.
As the war-ships sway, and thunder in the bay,
Loud in the morning.
But the boy on the shore's throwing pebbles no more.
He runs a-warning
That the Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

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3. The streets are still; there's silence in the hills,
The town is sleeping.
And the farmers yawn in the grey silver dawn.
The fields they're keeping
As the first troops land and step into the sand,
The flags are weeping.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

4. The unsmiling sun is shining down upon
The singing soldiers.
In the cloud dust whirl, they whistle at the girls.
They're getting bolder.
The old women sigh, think of memories gone by;
They shrug their shoulders.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

5. Ready for the tricks, their bayonets are fixed.
Now they are rolling.
And the tanks make tracks past the trembling shacks
Where fear's unfolding.
All the young wives afraid turn their backs to the parade
With babes they're holding.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

6. A bullet cracks the sound; the army hits the ground,
The sniper's calling
So they open up their guns, a thousand to one;
No sense in stalling.
He clutches at his head and totters on the edge.
Look, now he's falling.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

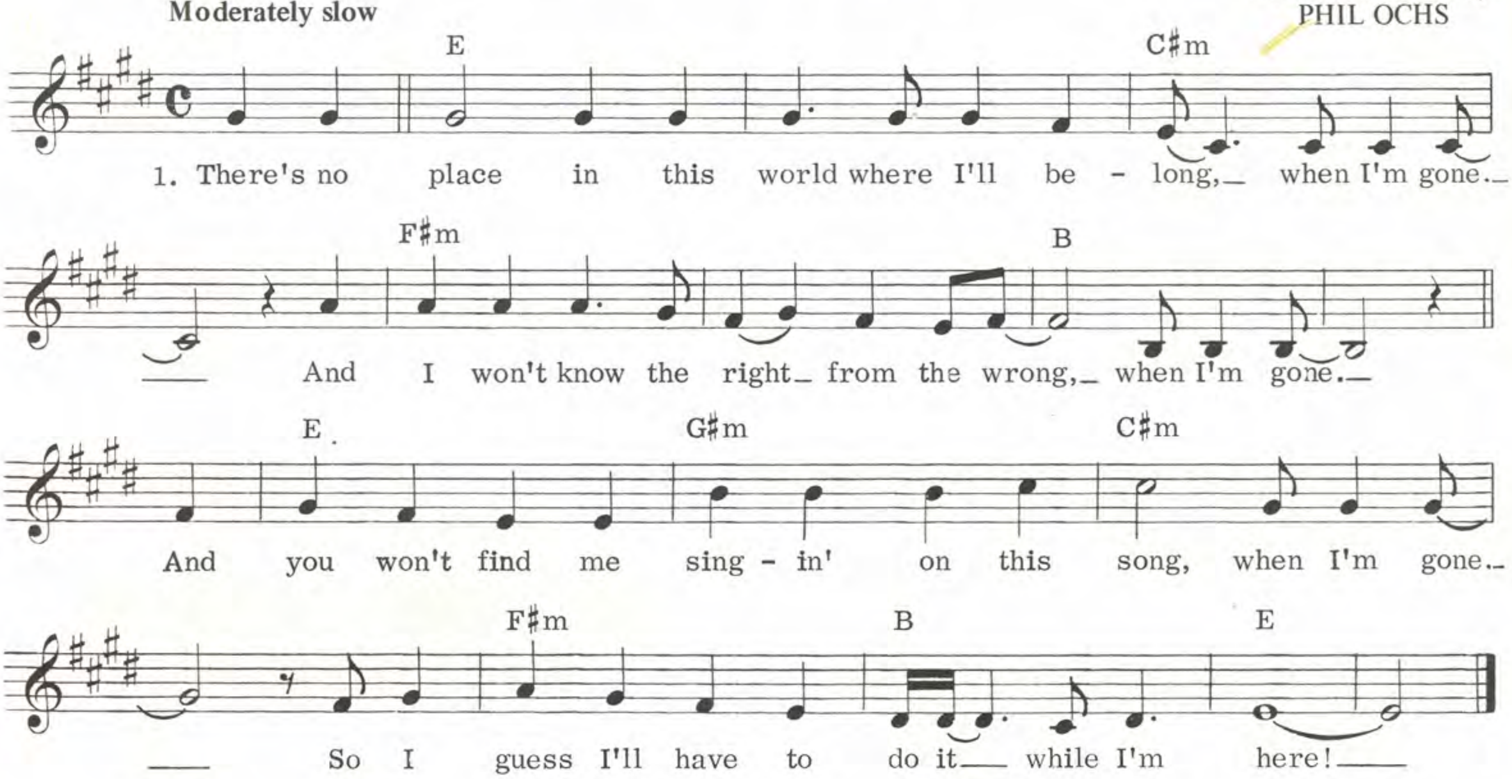
7. In the red plaza square, the crowds come to stare,
The heat is leaning.
And the eyes of the dead are turning every head
To the widow's screaming.
But the soldiers make a bid, giving candy to the kids,
Their teeth are gleaming.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

8. Up and down the coast, the generals drink a toast,
The wheel is spinning.
And the cowards and the whores are peeking through the doors
To see who's winning.
But the traitors will pretend that it's getting near the end
When it's beginning.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

9. *Repeat First Verse*

WHEN I'M GONE

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Moderately slow
E
C♯m
1. There's no place in this world where I'll be - long, when I'm gone.
F♯m
B
And I won't know the right from the wrong, when I'm gone.
E
G♯m
C♯m
And you won't find me sing - in' on this song, when I'm gone.
F♯m
B
E
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here!

2. And I won't feel the flowing of the time, when I'm gone.
All the pleasures of love will not be mine, when I'm gone.
My pen won't pour a lyric line, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

3. And I won't breathe the brandy air, when I'm gone.
And I can't even worry 'bout my cares, when I'm gone.
Won't be asked to do my share, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

4. And I won't be running from the rain, when I'm gone.
And I can't even suffer from the pain, when I'm gone.
There's nothing I can lose or I can gain, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

5. Won't see the golden of the sun, when I'm gone.
And the evenings and the mornings will be one, when I'm gone.
Can't be singing louder than the guns, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

6. All my days won't be dances of delight, when I'm gone.
And the sands will be shifting from my sight, when I'm gone.
Can't add my name into the fight, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

7. And I won't be laughing at the lies, when I'm gone.
And I can't question how or when or why, when I'm gone.
Can't live proud enough to die, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

8. There's no place in this world where I'll belong, when I'm gone,
And I won't know the right from the wrong, when I'm gone.
And you won't find me singin' on this song, when I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here!

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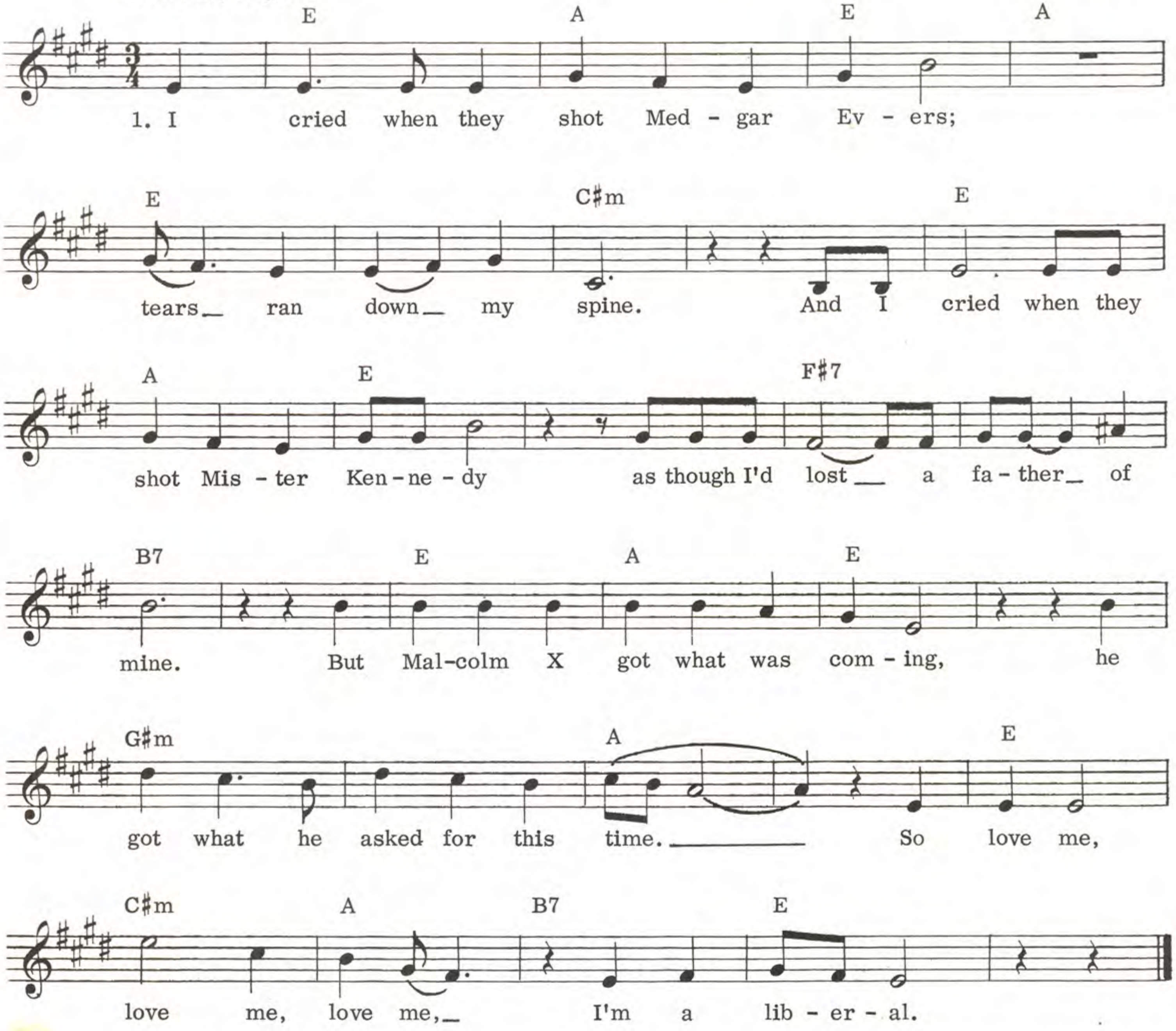
LOVE ME, I'M A LIBERAL

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately bright


E A E A
1. I cried when they shot Med - gar Ev - ers;
E C♯m E
tears_ ran down_ my spine. And I cried when they
A E F♯7
shot Mis - ter Ken - ne - dy as though I'd lost_ a fa - ther_ of
B7 E A E
mine. But Mal-colm X got what was com - ing, he
G♯m A E
got what he asked for this time._____ So love me,
C♯m A B7 E
love me, love me,_ I'm a lib - er - al.

2. I go to Civil Rights rallies, and I put down the old D.A.R.
I love Harry and Sidney and Sammy; hope every colored boy becomes a star.
But don't talk about revolution, that's going a little bit too far.
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

3. I cheered when Humphrey was chosen; my faith in the system restored.
And I'm glad that the Commies were thrown out from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Board.
And I love Puerto Ricans and Negroes, as long as they don't move next door.
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

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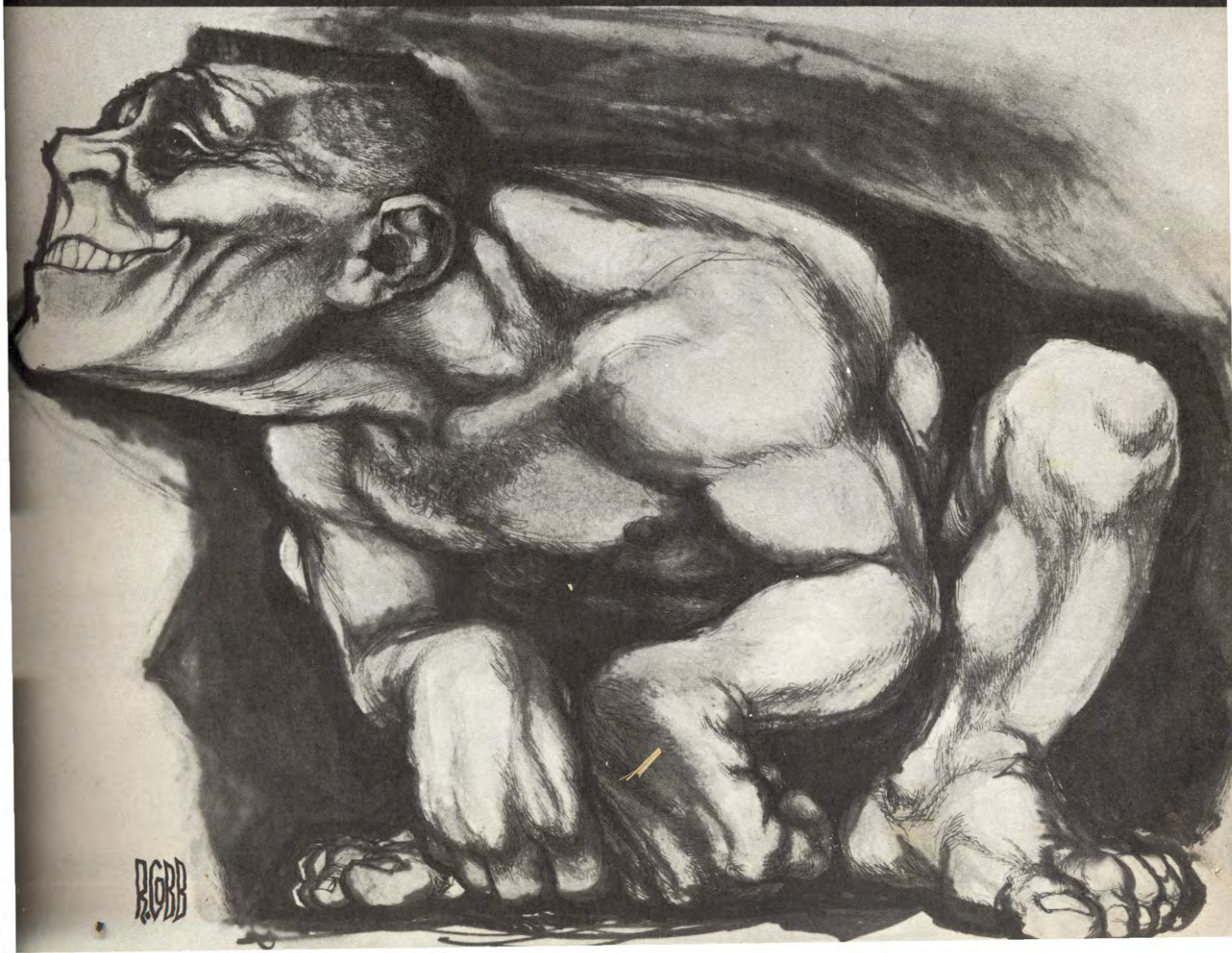
4. Oh, the people of Old Mississippi should all hang their heads in shame.
Now I can't understand how their minds work; what's the matter, don't they watch Les Crane?
But if you ask me to bus my children, I hope the cops take down your name.
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

5. Yes, I read New Republic and Nation; I've learned to take every view.
I've memorized Lerner and Golden; I feel like I'm almost a Jew.
But when it comes to Asian guerrillas, there's no one more Red, White and Blue.
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

6. I vote for the Democratic Party; they want the U.N. to be strong.
I attend all the Pete Seeger concerts; he sure gets me singing those songs.
And I'll send all the money you ask for, but don't ask me to come on along.
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

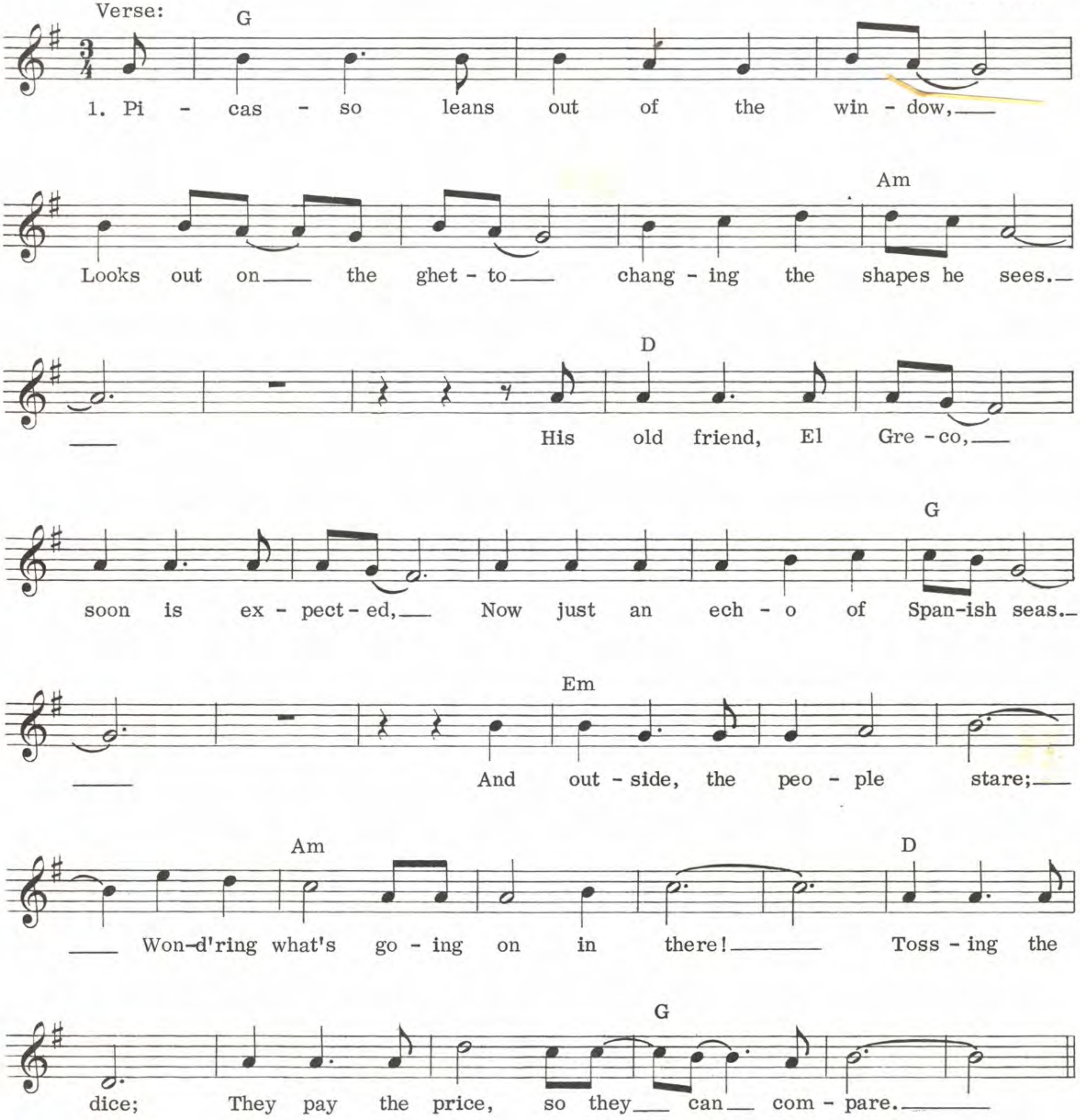
7. Sure, once I was young and impulsive; I wore every conceivable pin,
Even went to Socialist meetings, learned all the old Union hymns.
Ah, but I've grown older and wiser, and that's why I'm turning you in.
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.



THE FLOODS OF FLORENCE

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately slow


Verse:
G
1. Pi - cas - so leans out of the win - dow,
Looks out on the ghet - to chang - ing the shapes he sees.
Am
D
His old friend, El Gre - co,
soon is ex - pect - ed, Now just an ech - o of Span-ish seas.
G
Em
And out - side, the peo - ple stare;
Am
Won-d'ring what's go - ing on in there!
D
Toss - ing the dice;
They pay the price, so they can com - pare.
G

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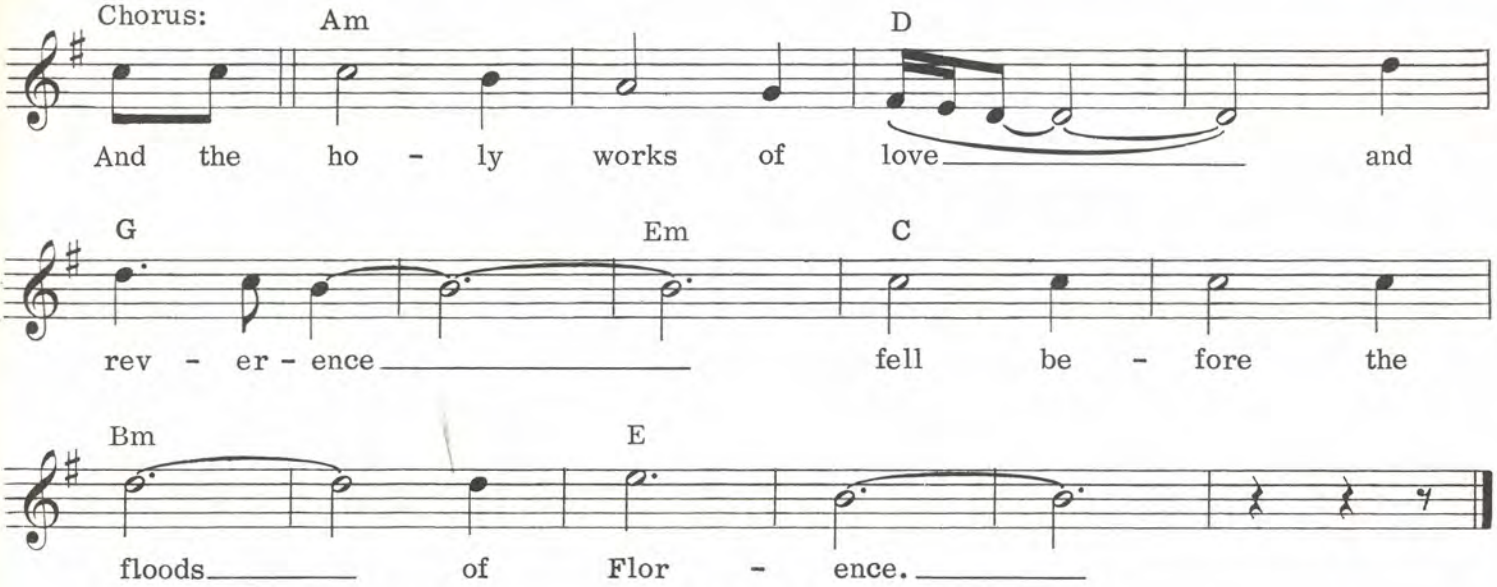

Chorus:
Am
D
G
Em
C
Bm
E
And the ho - ly works of love and
rev - er - ence fell be - fore the
floods of Flor - ence.

2. The shop girls go out to the galleries spending their salaries
To see if they catch a hold.
They meet an old master, like some unknown lover, for some unknown
Reason he's never old.
And the auctioneer clears his throat,
What am I bid for this bottled boat,
A tap on the rail
Sunk with a sail, but soon she's afloat.

Chorus

3. Griffith pulls out his whiskey; the mad room is misty
Covered with yesterdays.
The girl is so pretty, she asks for a memory.
He touches her knee and she fades away,
But the box office line is long;
The spectacular show is on.
Thirsty for thrills, the fountain is filled
With dreams of the dawn.

Chorus

4. The troubador comes from the country, falls by the factory,
Sliding on simple strings.
Armed with his anger, he sings of the danger, he senses a stranger is
In the wings,
But the fledgling has learned to fly;
All the innocence leaves his eye.
Echoes explode, rolled from the road—
The melody dies.

Chorus

.....THE CRITICS RAVED.....

Cheetah Mag. — Ochs typifies what I dislike most about Modern Folk . . . .

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin — looks like a porcine version of Elvis Presley . . . .

Variety — His voice is harsh and raucous, having none of the timbre or smoothness the songs require . . . .

New York Times — He obviously has something to say but there must be a better way of projecting it . . . .

Newport Daily News — We found Mr. Ochs much too vulgar for our tastes. Surely one can be entertaining without being vulgar . . . .

Boston Broadside — The record jacket depicts the artist as an immigrant, and to the land of the art song he certainly is a stranger . . . .

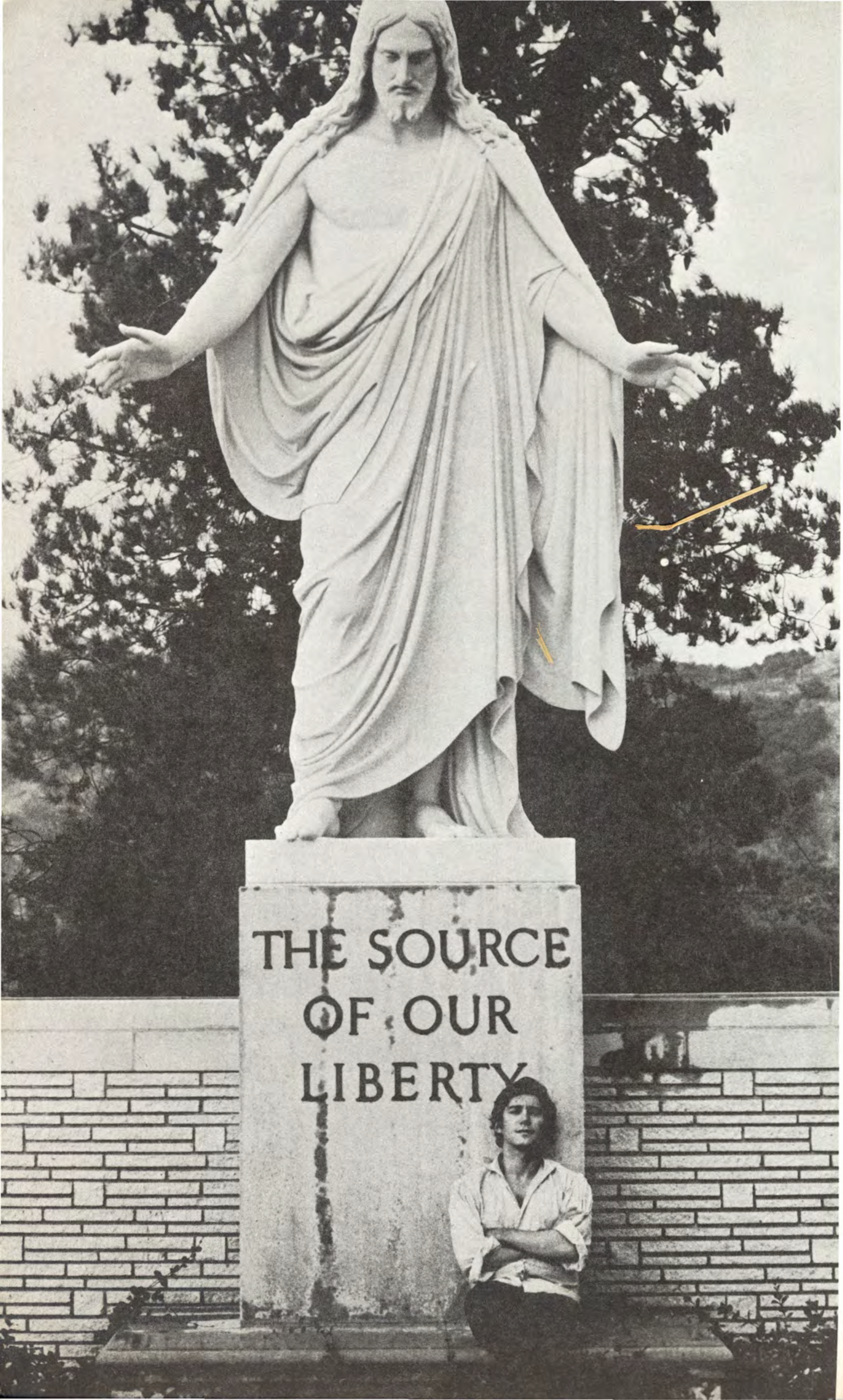
Los Angeles Times — his disciples respond predictably to every cliche that helps to widen the generation gap . . . .

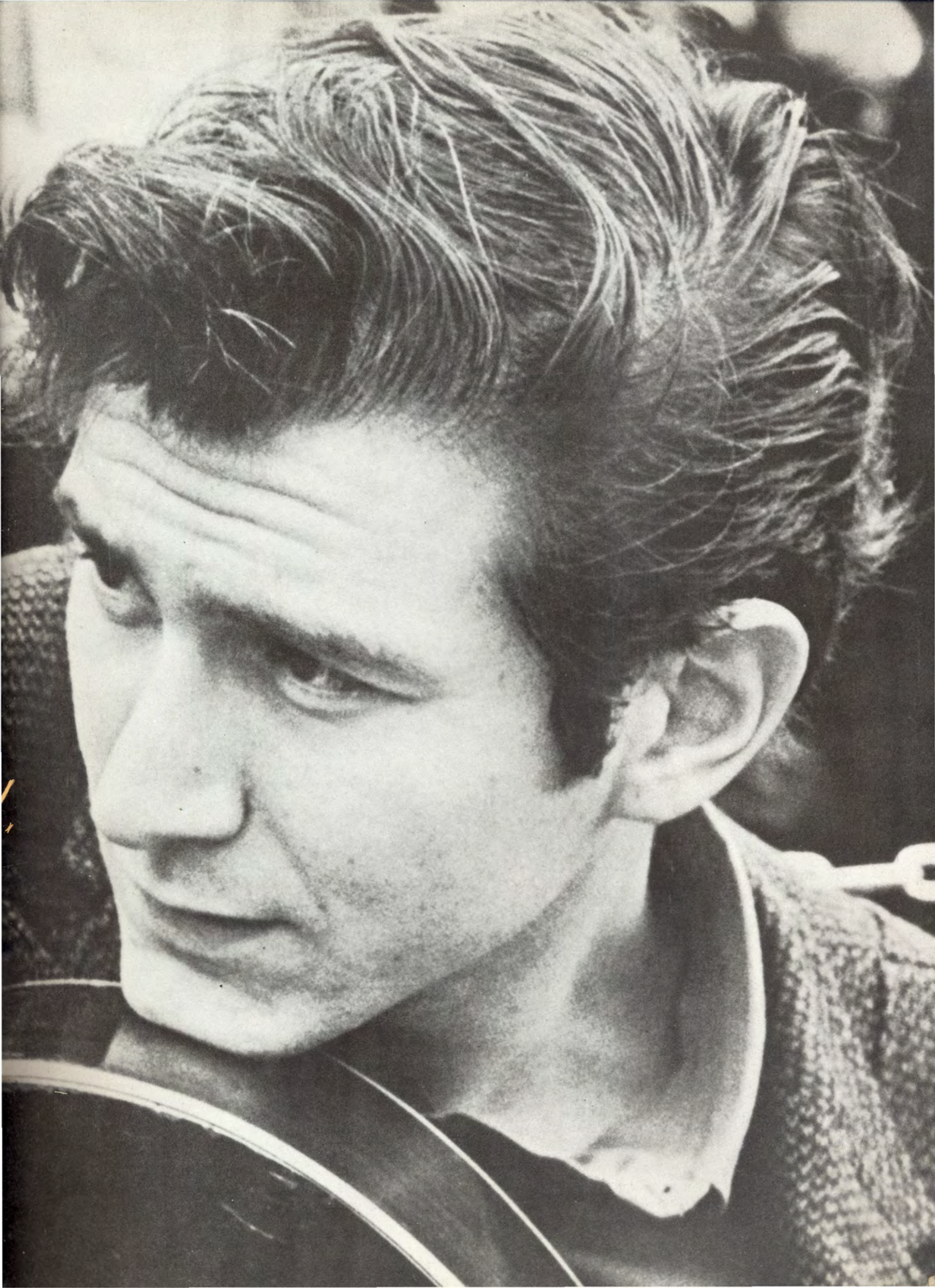
Esquire — too bad his guitar playing would not suffer much were his right hand webbed . . . .

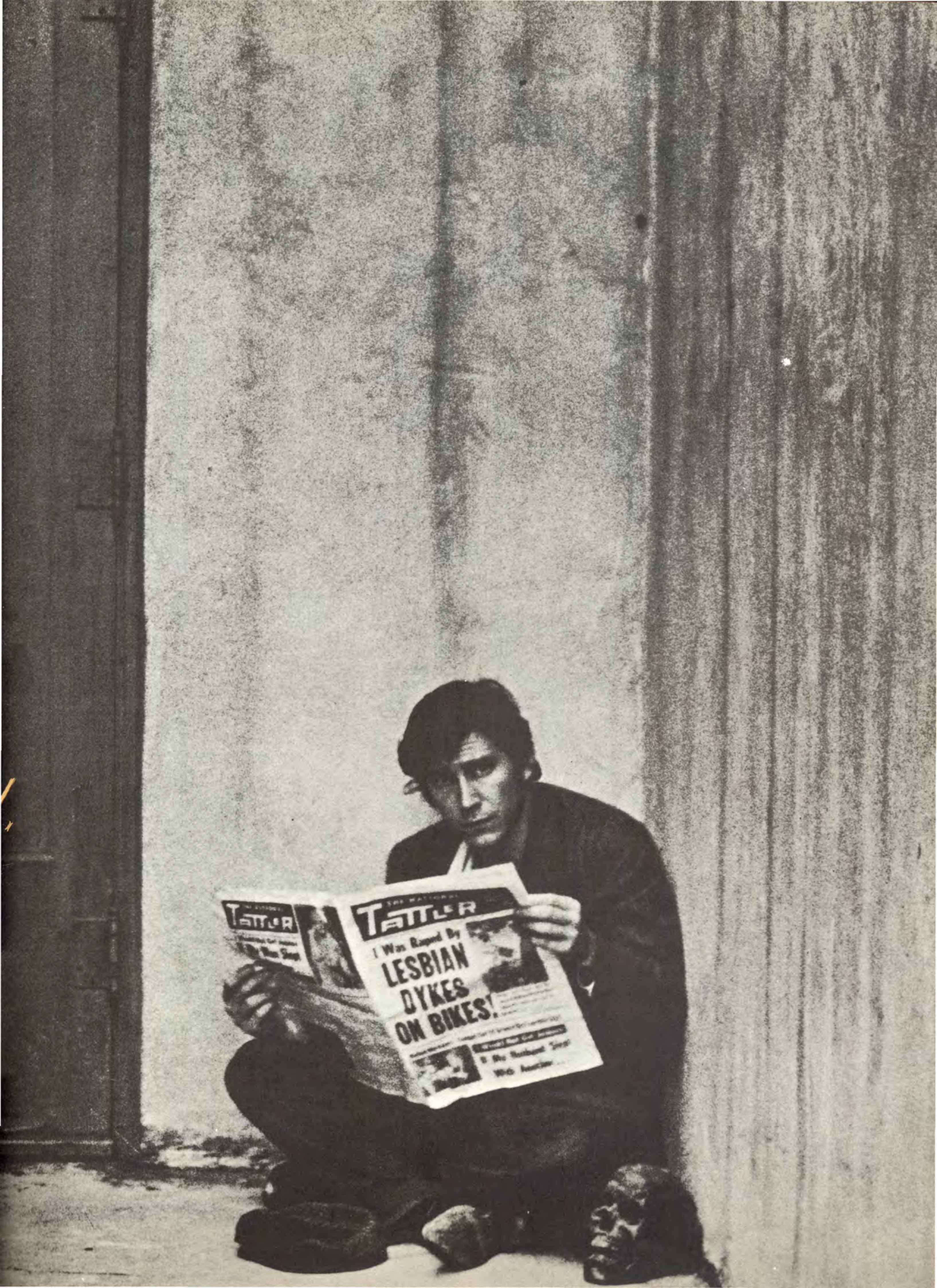
High Fidelity — his melodies are about as inventive as the average Tibetan chant.

Boston Broadside — I cringed at his standard sloppy imagery . . . . .

Little Sandy Review — fifteenth-rate topical songs by a tenth-rate journalist . . . .


THE SOURCE
OF OUR
LIBERTY

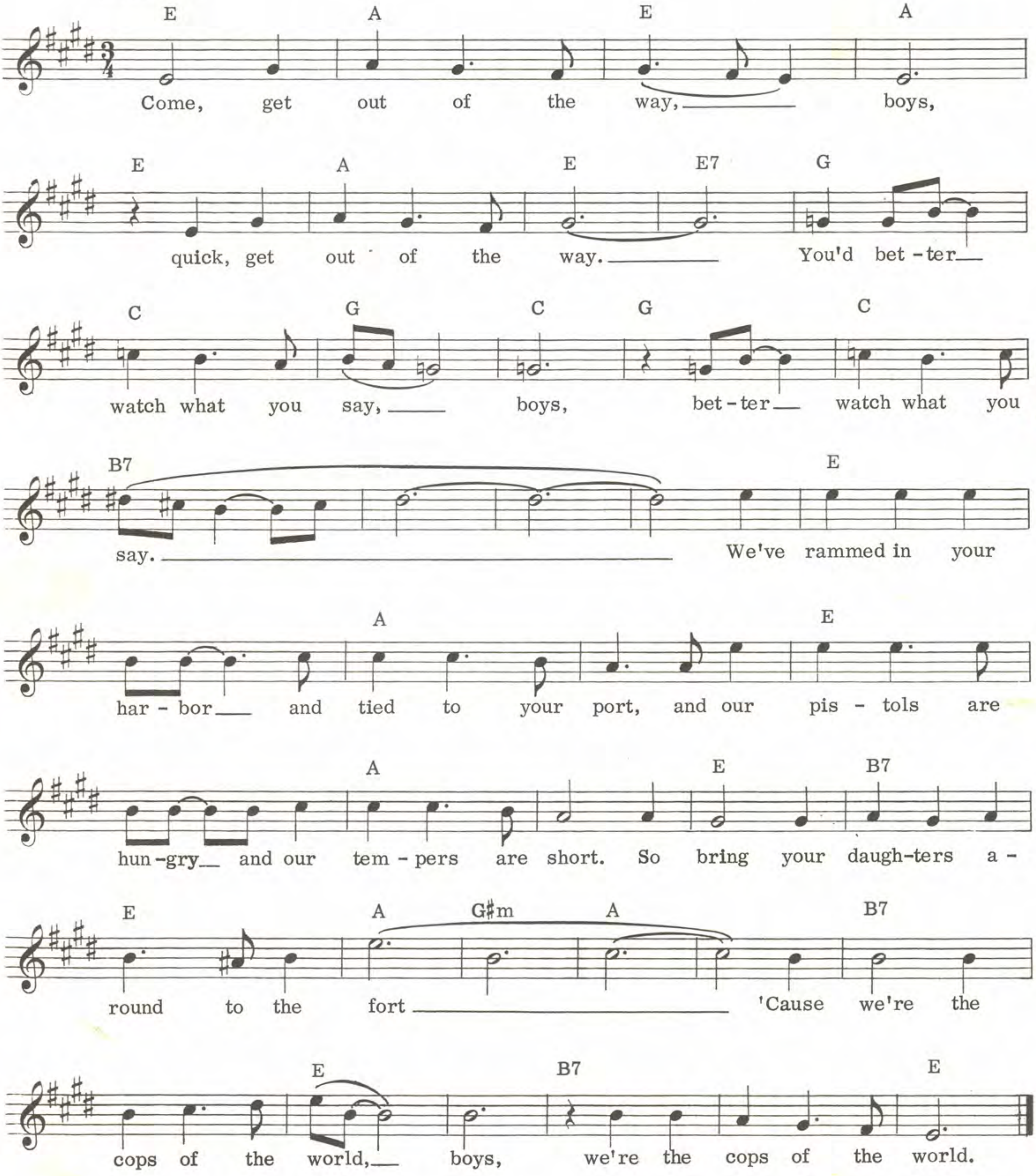



THE NATIONAL
TATTLER
I Was Raped By
LESBIAN DYKES ON BIKES!

COPS OF THE WORLD

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately


E A E A
Come, get out of the way, boys,
E A E E7 G
quick, get out of the way. You'd bet-ter
C G C G C
watch what you say, boys, bet-ter watch what you
B7 E
say. We've rammed in your
A E
har-bor and tied to your port, and our pis-tols are
A E B7
hun-gry and our tem-pers are short. So bring your daugh-ters a-
E A G#m A B7
round to the fort 'Cause we're the
E B7 E
cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.

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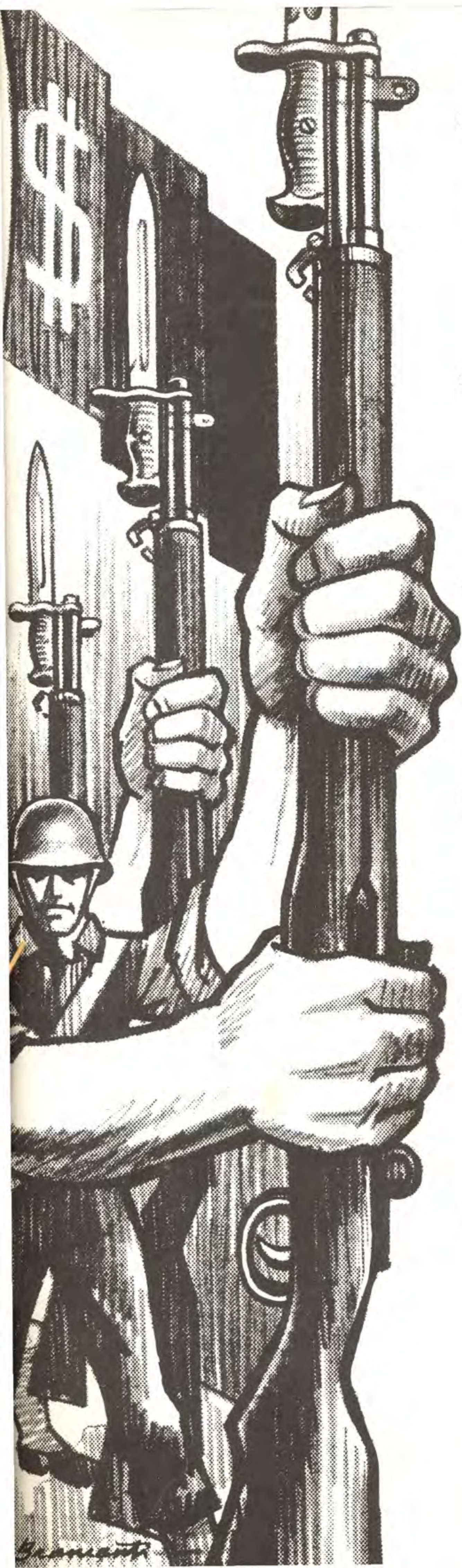


2. We pick and choose as we please, boys,
Pick and choose as we please.
You'd best get down on your knees, boys,
You'd best get down on your knees.
We're hairy and horny and ready to shack,
And we don't care if you're yellow or black.
Just take off your clothes, and lay down on your back
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.

3. Our boots are needing a shine, boys, boots are needing a shine
But our Coca Cola is fine, boys, Coca Cola is fine.
We've got to protect all our citizens fair
So we'll send a battalion for everyone there,
And maybe we'll leave in a couple of years
'Cause we're the cops of the world,boys, we're the cops of the world.

4. And dump the Reds in a pile, boys, dump the Reds in a pile.
You'd better wipe off that smile, boys, better wipe off that smile.
We'll spit through the streets of the cities we wreck,
And we'll find you a leader that you can elect.
Those treaties we signed were a pain in the neck
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.

5. And clean the johns with a rag, boys, clean the johns with a rag,
If you like, you can use your flag, boys, if you like, you can use your flag.
We've got too much money; we're looking for toys.
Guns will be guns, and boys will be boys,
But we'll gladly pay for all we've destroyed
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.

6. And please stay off of the grass, boys, please stay off of the grass.
Here's a kick in the ass, boys, here's a kick in the ass.
We'll smash down your doors; we don't bother to knock.
We've done it before so why all the shock,
We're the biggest and toughest kids on the block
And we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.

7. And when we've butchered your sons, boys, when we've butchered your sons
Have a stick of our gum, boys, have a stick of our bubblegum.
We own half the world, oh say can you see.
And the name for our profits is democracy;
So like it or not you will have to be free
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.

THE NEWPORT PNEUMONIA FUZZ FESTIVAL

by MISSISSIPPI PHIL OCHS

Normally, I wouldn't mind being fingerprinted, photographed, and interrogated under hot lights, but after all we were only trying to get into the festival.

"You want to murder Joan Baez, don't you?" asked the fat cop, spitting tobacco on our Spanish leather boots.

"You don't understand," I replied wittily, "I was invited to sing on one of the concerts last year."

"Oh yeah, then why weren't you invited this year?"

I started to say, "Perhaps it's my . . ." but was interrupted by one of the festival directors who had noticed our plight and managed to get us in after signing an affidavit swearing we weren't Jewish and didn't play electric instruments.

Once inside the barbed wire enclosure, we began to relax. On stage Joan Baez and Donovan were humming an a cappella version of John Phillip Sousa's "Hands Across the Sea."

If my memory serves me correctly, after each performer was done a cop would get on stage and announce something like "Welcome to Newport, Outsiders. I'd like to ask your cooperation in observing a few simple rules — No parking, no drinking, no smoking, no talking, no stepping on the grass, no grass, no sleeping on the benches, no sex. So enjoy yourselves, folks; it's your park.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," I cajoled, walking past the guards into the audience. The crowd was the usual assortment of folk purists wearing faded jeans, beer guzzlers wearing faded smiles, and plainclothesmen wearing freshly pressed jeans and carrying Harmony guitars.

Down below, in front of the stage, was a large pit, an idiot arena holding a motley crew of maniacal milling photographers who surged forward like a great army of large snapping mosquitoes whenever a celebrity appeared on stage. I was fatalistically hoping that at least one performer would throw an expensive Leica in the middle of the hungry throng and, while they were all grappling in the dust, expose himself to the audience, making them all miss the classic shot.

In 1963, there was an historic scene when Dylan, Seeger, Baez, the Freedom Singers, and Peter, Paul and Mary joined hands to sing "We Shall Overcome." In 1964, egos got out of hand and didn't realize the ritual was already old hat and leaped on stage to no avail because several of the original important people weren't there this time, so no famous photograph emerged.

This year the traditional last song degenerated into a "La Dolce Vita" party as several disparate performers, festival officials, audience members, and passers-by joined in a Kafkaesque song and dance exhibition. There were so many people packed on stage, there legally should have been another fire exit. Next year perhaps they will feature a Radio City Music Hall Rockette routine including janitors, drunken sailors, town prostitutes, clergy of all denominations, sanitation engineers, small time Rhode Island politicians, and a bewildered cab driver. The whole jamboree can be backed up by the beloved Mississippi John Hurt's new electric band consisting of Skip James on bass, Son House on drums and Elizabeth Cotten on vibes being hissed and booed by the now neurotic ethnic enthusiasts.

One of the highlights of the festival occurred when a workshop turned into a workout. Alan Lomax was emceeing the blues workshop and was turned off by the Paul Butterfield Jug Band and implied as much on stage. Albert Grossman was turned off by Lomax's face offstage. Heated comments were exchanged, and, before anyone could say, "festival," the two lions of the folk power structure were rolling in the dirt. They were pulled apart and immediately withdrew, Albert humming "Who Killed Davey Moore," and Lomax humming "If I Had a Hammer." Both later denied rumors that there would be a rematc in Madison Square Garden. Later in the festival a folk group whic shall remain nameless wrote a song called "Talking Alan Lomax" i which they play the guitar background for a talking blues and sa nothing. If anyone has a picture of the incident, I respectfully sugges that they send it to the program directors who can use it as a dedica tion page for next year's program book entitled "We remember las year . . . the folk process."

Later, during an evening concert, Lomax was discussing a group o former convicts who were chopping wood and hoeing in time to wor songs. In a perhaps not unsymbolic gesture, one of the hoes lost it true aim and inadvertently demolished an innocent but expensiv Vanguard microphone. Perhaps they could award a posthumous meda to the brave recording engineer who, with earplugs sensitively con nected to the ill-fated mike, had his impressionable eardrums tune to the slightest deviation in sound. The audience felt great sympath for the mishap and gave them so many encores they chopped thei way through the stage and fell in a heap on the ground; whereupo Lomax raced down the stairs muttering, "I've got an axe to grin with you."

During the Sunday afternoon concert it rained so heavily that th audience came out of their polite applause lethargy and began t cheer and even dance. It kept raining, so the festival decided not t put on the Paul Butterfield Band as scheduled, for fear of someon being electrocuted. The audience was shocked, but then it's no always easy to put on folk music. One cryptic observer noted tha perhaps the real reason they didn't put on the Butterfield Band wa out of fear that Alan Lomax and his axe-laden convicts would b laying in wait.

In the final concert Sunday evening, Bob Dylan as usual mad history without even using a helicopter. I have a theory that it wa really John Lennon on stage who had entered the festival disguise as Donovan, that the Butterfield Band, who played in back of Dylan was really the Kingston Trio getting kicks, and that Dylan's harmonic was really John Hammond.

Wearing an Audie Murphy black jacket, playing a Chuck Berr guitar, and performing his electrified alienation with passionat indifference, Dylan assassinated the audience.

Some booed, some cried, some yelled "Take it off," but most jus sat silently in a state of shock sucking on crumpled beer cups. I wa expecting God to open the heavens with his wrath, but instead Pete Yarrow embarrassingly brought Dylan back, and he obligingly playe two encores alone on an acoustic guitar, the band apparently hav ing been slaughtered beneath the diamond stage by unforgivin Dylantants.

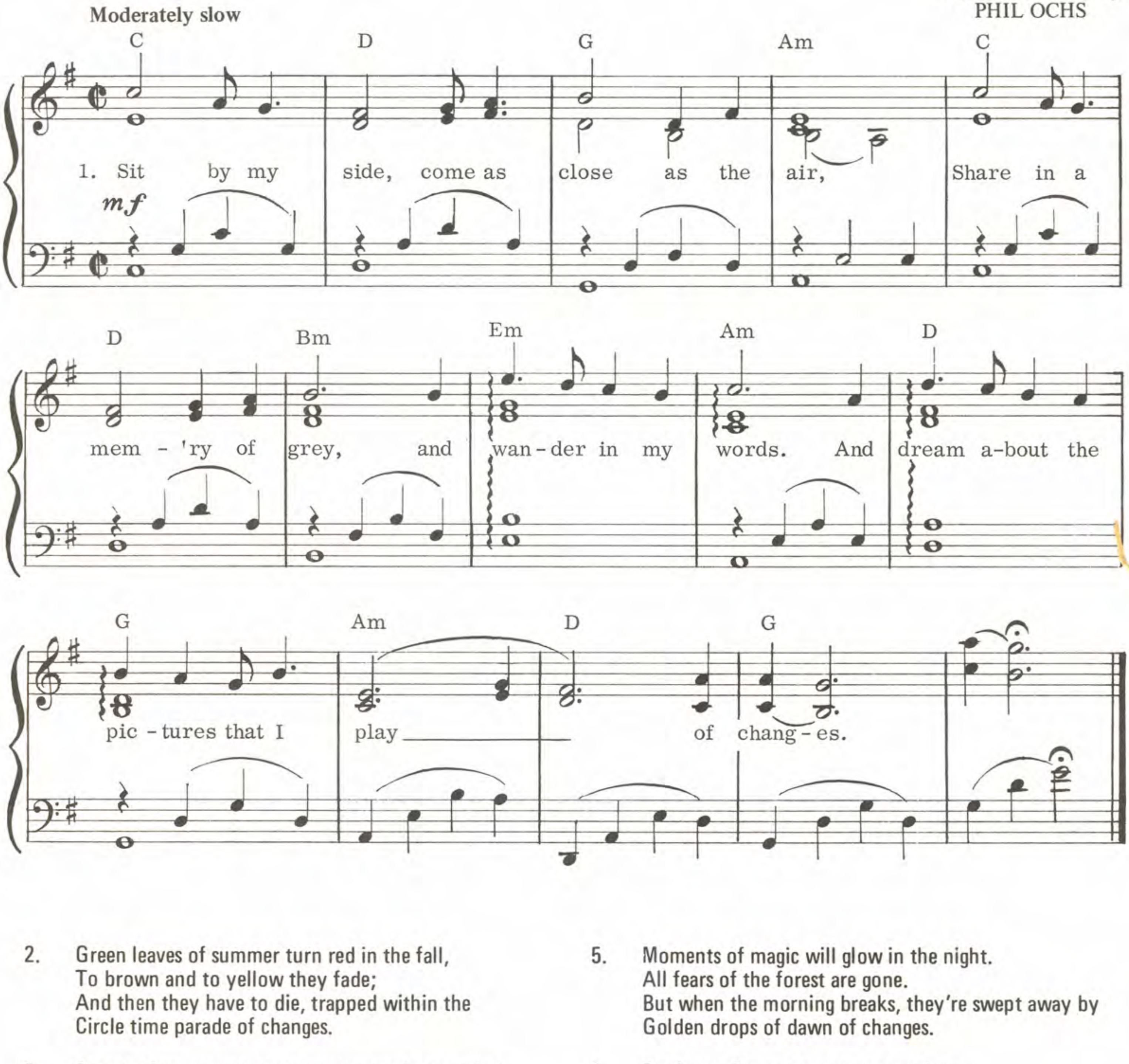
Alas, all good things must come to an end, and as we left th scenic festival grounds bouncing around in the back of the police va we had many fond memories. Dylan's lynching while admittedl unsubtle and gauche was understandable. Joan Baez's frugging o several occasions gave the festival the added flair of an Arthur Murra Dance Party. Peter, Paul and Mary certainly deserved a better fat than to have melted in the rain. The nagging question still remaine — Why wasn't Regis Toomey invited?

It's probably only the beginning of a long and controversial history Next year in order to create a carnival atmosphere they will hold the evening concerts under a large tent. The addition of Phil Spectre o the board of directors will insure that the festival will continue t mirror changing tastes. An enlarged cartoon of Batman will dominate the stage, and Andy Warhol will have exclusive rights to film his fou day opus, "Assimilation."

If I'm not invited next year, I guess I'll have to write another article like this.

CHANGES

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Moderately slow
C
D
G
Am
C
1. Sit by my side, come as close as the air, Share in a
mf
D
Bm
Em
Am
D
mem - 'ry of grey, and wan - der in my words. And dream a-bout the
G
Am
D
G
pic - tures that I play of chang - es.

2. Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall,
To brown and to yellow they fade;
And then they have to die, trapped within the
Circle time parade of changes.

3. Scenes of my young years were warm in my mind,
Visions of shadows that shine.
Till one day I returned and found they were the
Victims of the vines of changes.

4. The world's spinning madly, it drifts in the dark,
Swings through a hollow of haze.
A race around the stars, a journey through the
Universe ablaze with changes.

5. Moments of magic will glow in the night.
All fears of the forest are gone.
But when the morning breaks, they're swept away by
Golden drops of dawn of changes.

6. Passions will part to a strange melody
As fires will sometimes burn cold.
Like petals in the wind, we're puppets to the
Silver strings of souls of changes.

7. Your tears will be trembling, now we're somewhere else.
One last cup of wine we will pour.
And I'll kiss you one more time and leave you on the
Rolling river shores of changes.

8. *Repeat first verse*

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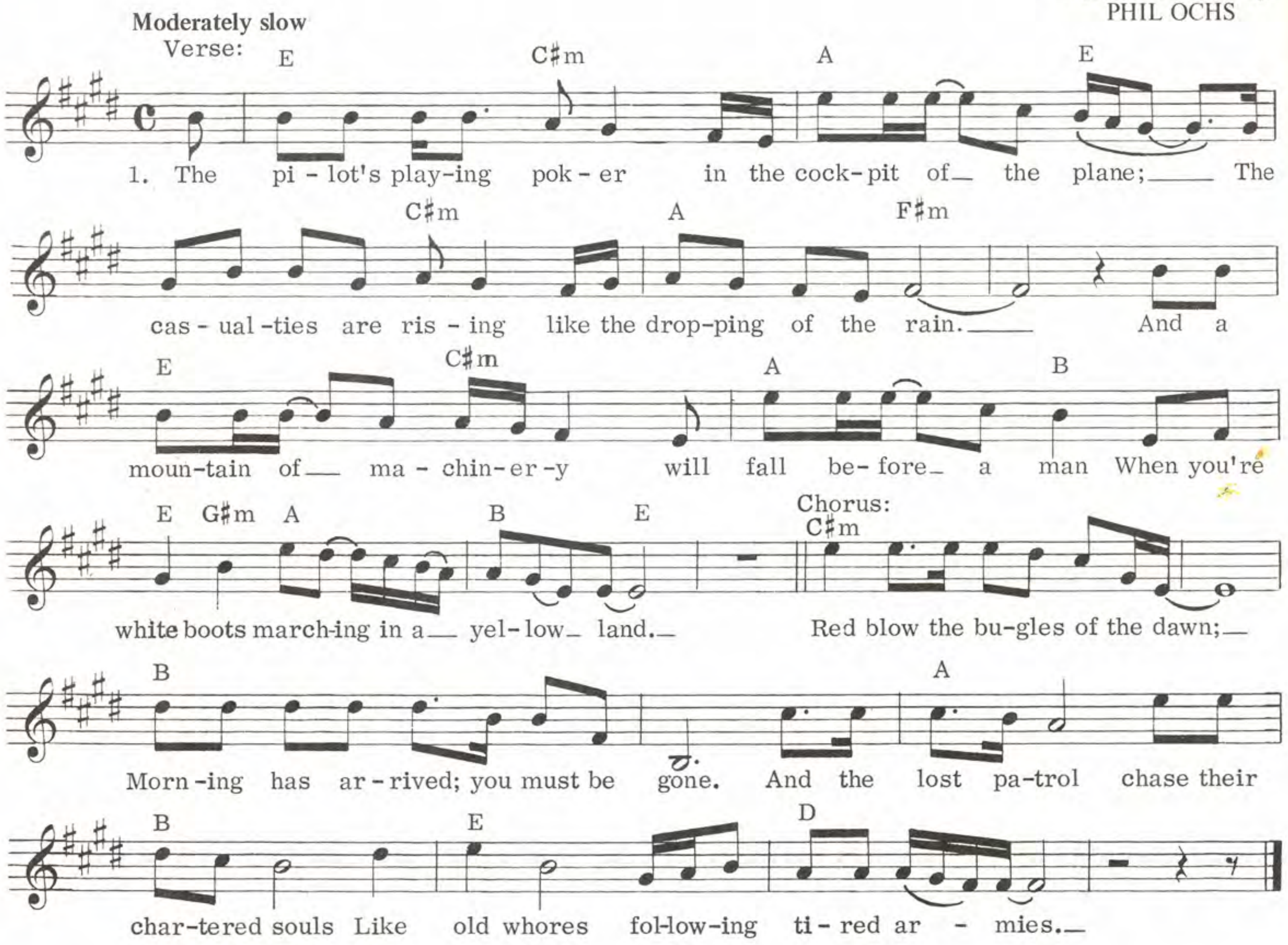
WHITE BOOTS MARCHIN' IN A YELLOW LAND

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Moderately slow
Verse:
E C♯m A E
1. The pi - lot's play-ing pok - er in the cock-pit of_ the plane;___ The
C♯m A F♯m
cas - ual -ties are ris - ing like the drop-ping of the rain.___ And a
E C♯m A B
moun-tain of_ ma - chin-er -y will fall be- fore_ a man When you're
E G♯m A B E
white boots march-ing in a_ yel- low_ land._
Chorus:
C♯m
Red blow the bu-gles of the dawn;_
B A
Morn -ing has ar - rived; you must be gone. And the lost pa-trol chase their
B E D
char-tered souls Like old whores fol-low-ing ti - red ar - mies._

2. It's written in the ashes of the village towns we've burned.
It's written in the empty beds of fathers unreturned.
And the chocolate in the children's eyes will never understand–
When you're white boots marching in a yellow land.

Chorus

Red blow the bugles of the dawn.
The morning has arrived you must be gone.
And the lost patrol chase their chartered souls
Like old whores following tired armies.

3. Train them well the men who will be fighting by your side,
And never turn your back if the battle turns the tide,
For the colors of a civil war are louder than commands--
When you're white boots marching in a yellow land.

4. Blow them from the forest and burn them from your sight
Tie their hands behind their backs and question through the night.
But when the firing squad is ready, they'll be spitting where
they stand
At the white boots marching in a yellow land.

Chorus

The comic and the beauty queen are dancing on the stage.
The raw recruits are lining up like coffins in a cage.
Oh! We're fighting in a war we lost before the war began.
We're the white boots marching in a yellow land.

Chorus

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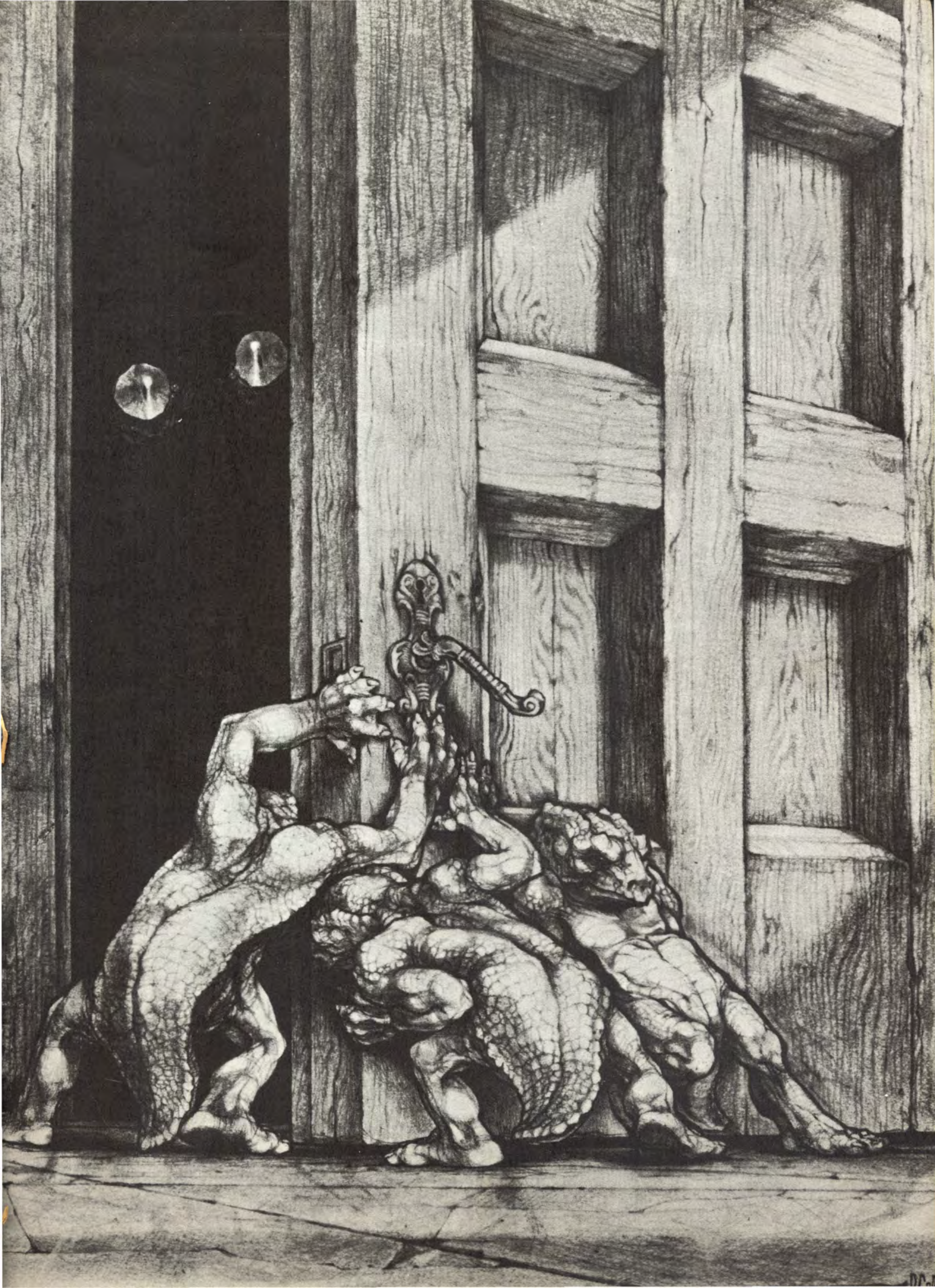
COBBWEBS

The cosmetic cosmic city
crawls beneath its ashtray possibilities
the studios spread their poisoned beauty
outside the sound stages of parody
and beneath the mechanized moon
he sprawled his carniverous cartoons
embracing the exquisite outrages
of his only and surrounding
hospitality.

Images melt into microphones
and smash their opposite mirrors
Madonnas caress their charcoal
in the future mystery marshes
begging for lover and lunatics
to count their degenerate numbers
and the passionate plastic surgeon
frantically restructures the island
as he sinks in the starlit nightmare
with all the exiles
of his quicksand.

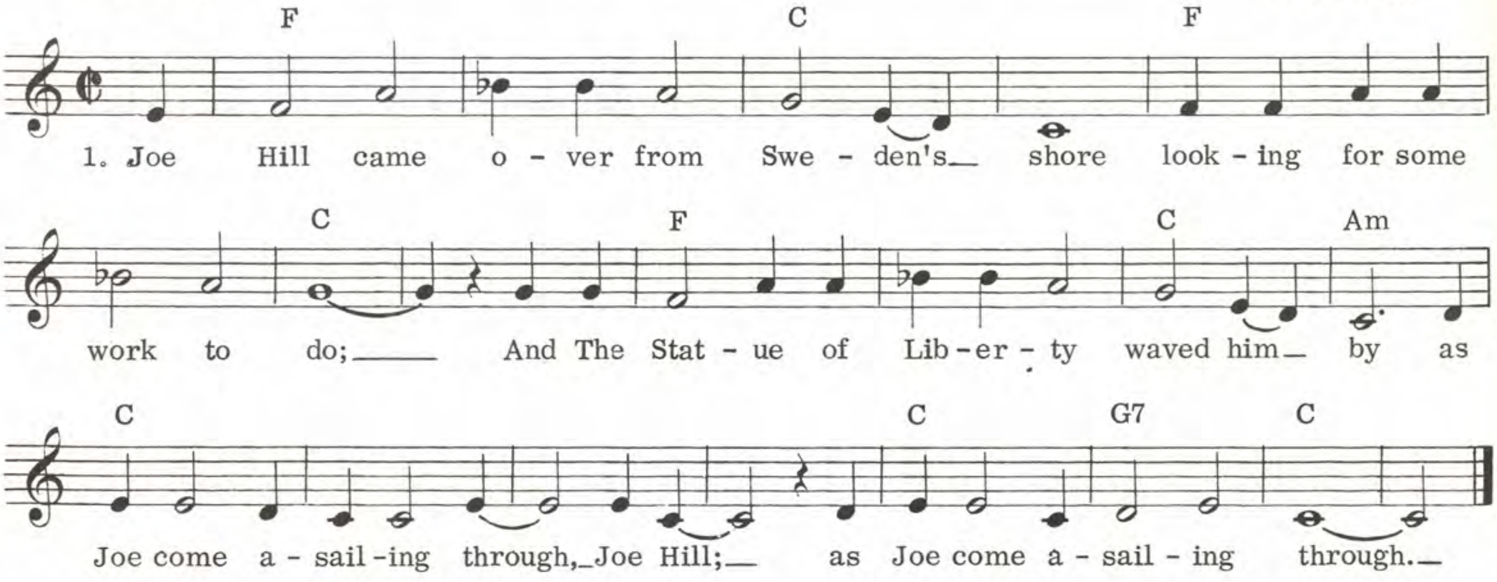
And who will refrain from praying
in the corner coffee shop churches
after the pencils are broken
and the line
moves only
in circles.



JOE HILL

Traditional Melody
Words by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately


F C F
1. Joe Hill came o - ver from Swe - den's_ shore look - ing for some
C F C Am
work to do;___ And The Stat - ue of Lib - er - ty waved him_ by as
C C G7 C
Joe come a - sail - ing through,_Joe Hill;_ as Joe come a - sail - ing through._

2. Oh, his clothes were coarse, and his hopes were high,
As he headed for the Promised Land.
And it took a few weeks on the out-of-work streets
Before he began to understand, before he began to understand.

3. Then he got hired by a Bowery bar, sweeping up a saloon.
As his rag would sail o'er the barroom rail,
It sounded like he whistled on a tune.
You could almost hear him whistling on a tune.

4. And Joe rolled on from job to job,
From the docks to the railroad line.
And no matter how hungry the hand that wrote,
In his letters he was always doing fine, in his letters he was always doing fine.

5. The years went by like the sun going down,
Slowly turned the page.
And when Joe looked back at the sweat on his tracks,
He had nothing to show but his age, he had nothing to show but his age.

6. So he headed out for the California shore.
There things were just as bad.
So he joined the Industrial Workers of the World,
Cause The Union was the only friend he had, cause The Union was the only friend he had.

7. The strikes were bloody; and the strikes were black,
As hard as they were long.
In the dark of the night, Joe would stay awake and write.
In the morning he would wake them with a song, in the morning he would wake them with a song.

8. He wrote his words to the tunes of the day,
To be passed along the union vine.
And the strikes were led; and the songs were spread.
And Joe Hill was always on the line, and Joe Hill was always on the line.

9. Then in Salt Lake City, a murder was made.
There was hardly a clue to find.
Yes, the proof was poor but the sheriff was sure
That Joe was the killer of the crime, that Joe was the killer of the crime.

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10. Joe raised his hands, but they shot him down.
He had nothing but guilt to give.
It's a doctor I need, and they left him to bleed.
But he made it 'cause he had the will to live, but he made it cause he had the will to live.

11. The trial was held in a building of wood.
There the killer would be named.
And the days weighed more than the cold copper ore,
Cause he feared that he was being framed, cause he feared that he was being framed.

12. Strange are the ways of the western law;
Strange are the ways of fate.
For the government crawled to the mine owners call,
And the judge was appointed by The State, and the judge was appointed by The State.

13. Now Utah justice can be had
But not for A Union Man.
And Joe was warned by some early morn
There'd be one less singer in the land, there'd be one less singer in the land.

14. Oh, William Spry was Governor Spry,
And a life was his to hold.
On the last appeal fell a Governor's tear–
May the Lord have mercy on your soul, may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

15. President Wilson held up the day,
But even he would fail.
For nobody heard the soul searching words
Of the soul in the Salt Lake City jail, of the soul in the Salt Lake City jail.

16. For thirty-six years he lived out his days,
And he more than played his part.
For the songs that he made, he was carefully paid
By a rifle bullet buried in his heart, by a rifle bullet buried in his heart.

17. Yes, they lined Joe Hill up against the wall,
Blindfold over his eyes.
It's the life of the rebel that he chose to live;
It's the death of the rebel that he died, it's the death of the rebel that he died.

18. In his time in the cell he wrote to his friends,
His wishes all were plain–
My body can't be found on this Utah ground,
So they laid him on a fast departing train, so they laid him on a fast departing train.

19. The rebel rode to Chicago Town.
There were 30,000 people to mourn.
And just about the time that Joe lay dying
A legend was just a-being born, a legend was just a-being born.

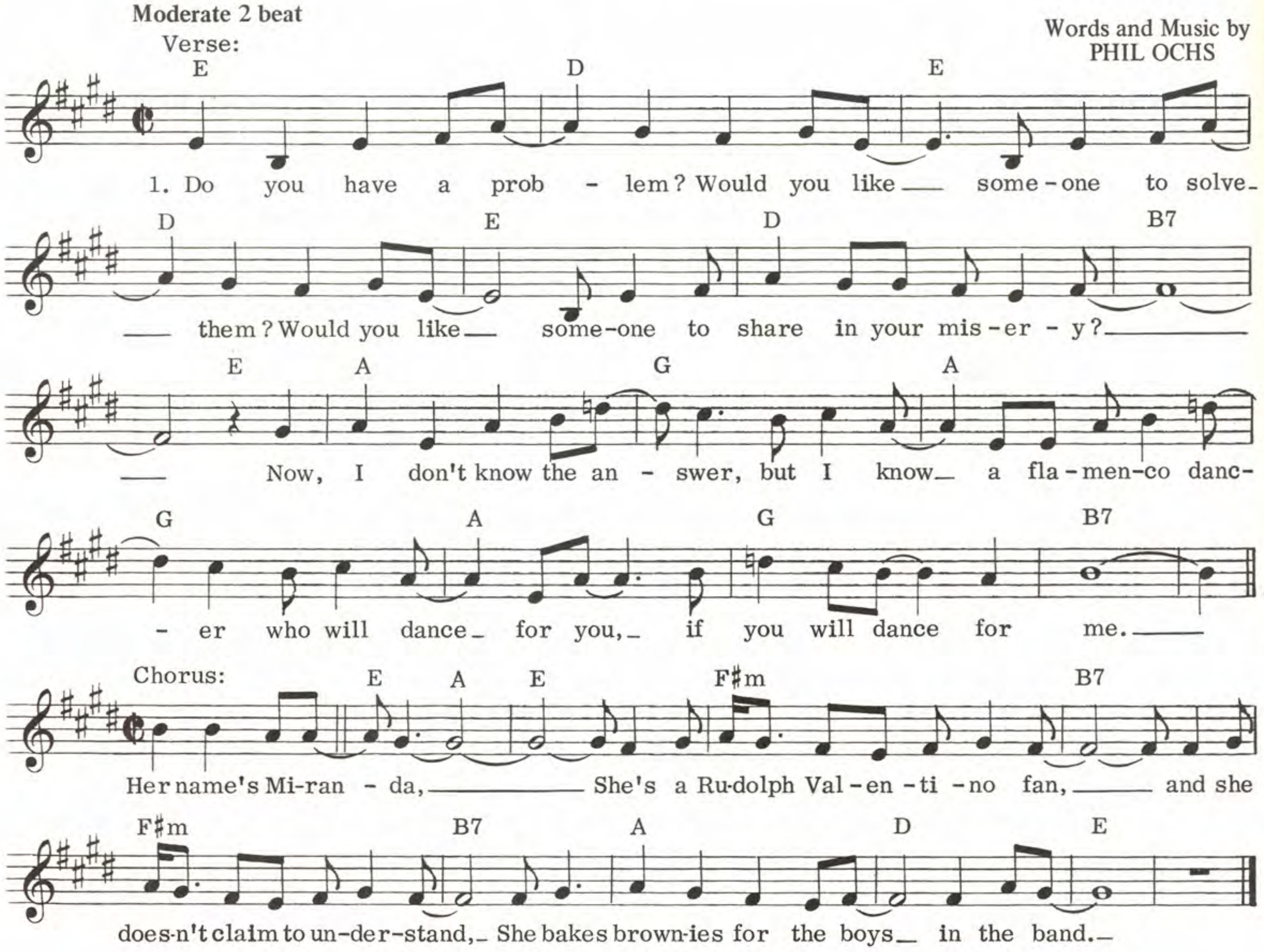
20. Now, some say Joe was guilty as charged;
Some say he wasn't even there.
And I guess nobody will ever know,
Cause the court records all have disappeared, cause the court records all have disappeared.

21. Now wherever you go in this fair land,
In every union hall,
In the dusty dark these words are marked
In between all the cracks upon the wall, in between all the cracks upon the wall.

22. It's the very last lines that Joe Hill wrote
When he knew that his days were through:
"Boys, this is my last and final wish,
Good luck to all of you, good luck to all of you."

MIRANDA

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Moderate 2 beat
Verse:
E D E D E D B7 E A G A G A G B7
1. Do you have a prob - lem? Would you like — some-one to solve — them? Would you like — some-one to share in your mis-er-y? —
Now, I don't know the an - swer, but I know — a fla-men-co danc - er who will dance — for you, — if you will dance for me. —
Chorus:
E A E F♯m B7 F♯m B7 A D E
Her name's Mi-ran - da, — She's a Ru-dolph Val-en-ti-no fan, — and she does-n't claim to un-der-stand, — She bakes brown-ies for the boys — in the band. —

2. Early Sunday morning when the sermon lines are forming
And Saturday night is the memories that it gave,
She's busy in the pantry, far away from Elmer Gantry
Who is busy baking souls that he may save.
Everybody's soul but Miranda.

Chorus

3. The Dice of Death are calling while the truck of time is falling by
The thumb stuck out on The Highway Of The Years.
The tollgate at the turnpike is ignored by those who hitchhike,
And the Howard Johnson food is made of fear.
But not Miranda.

Chorus

4. The sun burnt skin is peeling on the doctors who are healing,
And the license plates are laughing on the car.
The pain is so exciting, and everyone's inviting you
To look upon their operation scars,
But not Miranda.

Chorus

5. The arguments are clashing, and commercial planes are crashing,
And the music of the evening is so sweet.
Now, fully in agreement; Oh, their feet have found the cement,
And they all believe the signs out on the street,
All except Miranda.

Chorus

6. In the bar we're gin and scotching while the FBI is watching.
They are tape recording every other word.
The bartender is bleeding, pardon me, I just was leaving,
As another clever voice repeats absurd,
But not Miranda.

Chorus

7. Do you have a problem? Would you like someone to solve them?
Would you like someone to share in your misery?
Now, I don't know the answer, but I know a flamenco dancer who will dance for you,
If you will dance for me.

Chorus

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an interview with Phil Ochs

(a taped conversation made by Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen)

SIS: Phil, we'd like to hear your reaction to the fact that protest songs are beginning to reach a nationwide audience. For example, the song EVE OF DESTRUCTION made it to number one nationally on the charts, and many predict it is obviously a forerunner of similar songs. What is your opinion of this development and where will it lead?

PHIL: Well, as you know I was writing about this very same thing three years ago, and saying it had to happen sooner or later — that protest songs had to get in the top forty. And now it's happened — and it's happened in a big way, and a way that's disappointing to me because the quality has been terrible and the philosophy has been juvenile. Dylan has made such an impact with his style that these guys who are writing songs are writing like tenth-rate Dylan. And it comes out that way. And they stick in the harmonica and everything, and the whole thing becomes an obscene game, I think. They're peddling a product, and a bad product at that. Which is not to say there aren't some good lines in EVE OF DESTRUCTION — some very good lines. And it's most important that it happened. But since the imitation made it that way, now what we're going to be subjected to is imitation of the imitation, which will bring it lower and lower down the scale, so that EVE OF D. is going to stand up well compared to the deluge about to follow. I'm sort of worried about it because I can see a bad thing developing. Even right now I can hear disc jockeys saying "Oh no, not another protest song!" And being totally turned off to it like another garbagey unartistic attempt — which is what's happening. All kinds of people like Bobby Vinton are all of a sudden discovering their values and selling their values to the public — to the teenage public. And it's become ridiculous. It's right now more important to my mind that LIKE A ROLLING STONE, Dylan's single, almost got to be number one rather than EVE OF D, even though ROLLING STONE is not a protest song. ROLLING STONE is, I think a much more revolutionary song than EVE OF DESTRUCTION because it's much better — much better written and much more thought out. And it's a long song — six minutes. It's the first time this has ever happened that a song of that revolutionary quality in writing got on the charts and hit so hard. I think LIKE A ROLLING STONE and a new single called YESTERDAY sung by one of the Beatles, where they have cellos and an almost classical arrangement, a beautiful quiet ballad — I think that these two songs are more revolutionary than EVE OF DESTRUCTION. What I foresee is these imitations falling into a swamp and then disappearing beneath the quicksand of the top forty. Because the top forty revenge is one of the fastest revenges in the country. When people get turned off, that's it — it's instant death. They just turn their backs on everything to do with it when a certain style is going out. And I think the protest thing at this period will be a preliminary bout — it'll happen fast. It'll die out pretty fast, because what has to happen is quality material on the top forty, not just the protest material. And certainly not teenage protest material. People essentially have to be educated culturally to higher levels. And Dylan is doing that, which is why I say it's more important — because people aren't being educated culturally to any higher level with EVE OF DESTRUCTION. It's just that Dylan took over somebody's head, and that somebody wrote a bad song, which is now number one. And its value lies in the fact that it is a strong song. But its value as a song is very bad, per se. It's going to give a lot of people a bad impression of protest songs. So it'll be a good and a bad thing. It will be an introduction of protest songs to many people, but it's a bad introduction. Better things have to happen. Better songs have to get on the charts.

SIS: Don't you think that these better songs are bound to come? When the disc jockeys get tired of "protest" songs, as you say they will, are there going to be enough songs like ROLLING STONE and YESTERDAY?

PHIL: Well, that's what I'm hoping.

SIS: Will they go back to the songs they had before EVE OF D?

PHIL: I really don't know. I think protest songs are going to fluctua on and off the charts.

SIS: These Rock-and-Roll songs about love in 57 variations, instance, have been going on ever since Elvis Presley.

PHIL: Yeah. Yeah, yeah. But some of these have been very good son But what I'm looking for is just a general uplift in quality. The word with everything I think about in terms of all these protest son or songs of the fifties, is quality. And I think the **Beatles** and group **The Rolling Stones** and **Bob Dylan,** all three of these h significantly raised the quality of the top forty. They set standa that are higher for this teenage music. And EVE OF DESTRUCTI hasn't done that. It has philosophically done that in the sense t here's a song with a message. But it hasn't done it artistically. A it has to be done artistically — I'm just waiting for a better quality protest song to make it. I mean a song as strong or stronger th "EVE . . ." but of better quality.

SIS: Where will such a song come from?

PHIL: It could come from any place. Even if THE TIMES THEY A A-CHANGIN' became number one — that would be much better my mind. A **tasteful** arrangement of TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

GORDON: That's one Dylan would like to see buried, along with other earlier songs.

PHIL: I don't think he can succeed in burying them. They're too go And they're out of his hands.

GORDON: What do you think of the fact that EVE OF DESTRUCTI and LIKE A ROLLING STONE are utilizing the R&R beat — electric guitar, drums, harmonicas etc. Plainly Dylan must feel t it's the use of this kind of music that's getting his material he by the largest possible audience.

PHIL: Well, I like the music. I like the background of ROLLI STONE. I think it's classic. It's great. LIKE A ROLLING STONE is of the best singles ever — in terms of musical background.

GORDON: What I'm trying to ask is are the lyrics which in Dyl songs are so extremely important — are the lyrics getting through the listeners, these young kids? Or are they just going with the be

PHIL: Well, I'm quite sure the words are getting through with Dyl Dylan was known for that before hand. Dylan was known as the wr — the poet — first. And in ROLLING STONE the idea comes acr pretty clearly. It's one of Dylan's clearest recent songs. And on brand new album HIGHWAY 61, that song is the most down-to-ea And I'm quite sure people listen to the lyrics. And Dylan is matur musically. This is one thing people overlook. His musical ideas getting more sophisticated. For instance, in LIKE A ROLLING STO he has a great musical pause which leads in to the chorus "H does it feel . . ." that's incredible — it's great. It's one of the cases where he actually put in a musical idea so striking and origi that it equaled his words, or more than that — it enhanced his wo and gave them a double impact. I'm convinced that LIKE A ROLLI STONE is one of Dylan's best songs of all his work, even going b through all his early stuff. If I had to pick Dylan's five best so that would be one of them, along with TAMBOURINE MAN and I ALL RIGHT MA, IT'S ONLY LIFE. I think it's great — and m important.

SIS: Well, how do **you** feel about the use of Rock & Roll mus

PHIL: Well, I don't know. I have mixed feelings about it. A few years ago I was thinking about it — before it happened — when I was writing articles about Rock and Roll and Protest. I was thinking then that I ought to do it. But . . .

SIS: You'd certainly agree that Like a Rolling Stone or Eve of Destruction wouldn't have reached but a fraction of the audience had they used the acoustic guitar — like you do. Right?

PHIL: Right. That's true. And that's my dilemma. It's a choice I've got to make. I really don't know what to do. I've got a new song called CHANGES and I've got to do something with it. I'm going to put it on a single, and I don't think I'll use electronic instruments on it — there's just a kind of connotation about electric instruments that disturbs you now, but didn't a few years ago. But there's so much imitation going on. There's so many Johnny-come-latelies that turn me off, on the pop field. It would be really very disturbing to me to join that flock, so I tend to think that I won't do it. I want ELEKTRA to put out a single more along the line of the Beatle's YESTERDAY which I think is more tasteful than the usual thing.

SIS: We've been getting various responses to Dylan's new LP **Highway 61 Revisited.** Some say, I guess for lack of a more imaginative term, that it's drivel — he's just putting the people on again. These presumably are the people who left Dylan at the time "The Other Side of Bob Dylan" came out. And then we also have people who say "hey, have you heard Dylan's new LP — it's a great piece of poetry, it's an outpouring of poetry which hasn't been equaled since Walt Whitman or Woody Guthrie — to listen to it is an all-engrossing, almost monolithic experience." What is your reaction?

PHIL: Well, I fall into the latter category. I feel that it's great poetry. But I think Dylan's reached his peak. When he made the record before this one — **Bringing It All Back Home** with TAMBOURINE MAN and IT'S ALL RIGHT, MA . . ., I thought this was just too much — how can a human mind go beyond this. But he had. In several songs, MR. JONES and DESOLATION ROW and LIKE A ROLLING STONE, Dylan has brought this whole thing up to a brand new level. You can see a pattern emerging now, a real pattern. He just keeps raising the whole thing — his stream of consciousness just gets higher and higher, and you can see a mastery — a control of words — developing that he didn't have before. Even in his best songs he would be erratic — go up and down. But now he seems to have matured in his control of music. He starts in a certain thing and he keeps up and he reaches climaxes. And his writing becomes — I guess you could almost describe it as symphonic. He takes themes and builds on them. People worry, "Is he putting me on, is he talking about me?" and so on. It doesn't matter actually. Dylan is putting everybody on. It wouldn't bother me — it wouldn't surprise me either — if Dylan is putting himself on, and knows it — or doesn't know it. That wouldn't surprise me. None of these things I feel are that important. I feel what's important is that he's produced the best album ever made — the most important and revolutionary album — because he's reached such heights of writing. He's right in his style, he's right in his poetry, he's right in his presentation of his senses of life, in his perception and his feelings. And listening to Dylan lately is almost like climbing a ladder; you look at it as you would look at a painting. You don't look at a painting and say "That's great" and right away walk away from it. And you don't listen to Dylan once and say "That's good." It's the kind of music that plants a seed in your mind and then you have to hear it several times — ten times. And as you go over it you start to hear more and more things, and you start to see Dylan's maturing use of words and images as paralleling. And his control. Dylan is growing up as a writer. Without sacrificing his searching into his own mind and his pioneering, he's set a fantastic style. He's done it. He's done something that's left the whole field ridiculously in back of him. He's in his own world now. He was getting into his own world in his last record, but now what's happening is that he's in control of his own world. Before his world was controlling him. Control and discipline are the key words. Dylan is developing a discipline he never had before. There were flashes of genius before, but now his flashes of genius are under his conscious control. And the combination is devastating. But what it's going to lead to next, God only knows — or you might say, Dylan only knows.

GORDON: Well, would you consider Dylan a great poet apart from his music?

PHIL: Oh, definitely. He's one of the great minds of all time when it comes to words. He's a natural with words. He knows how to create images without straining. It just comes naturally. And when he does strain — when he does work — it comes to him better. He's never written a bad song. His weaker songs are just more erratic. But even when he uses trite things — when he uses cliches and steals whole ideas, there's still enough of him in there and enough of his obvious penetration working.

GORDON: Well, do you think his music is an integral part of his poetry? I'd like to put it this way: America, for many years now, probably since Longfellow, hasn't shown any great respect for its poets, especially the poets of modern times — except when Jack Kennedy got Robert Frost out for the inauguration — and these poets have received very little mass recognition. They've had to be satisfied with editions of 500 or 600 copies of their books of poems, and have had to live not by their poetry but by grants or patrons, or by teaching English in some college. Do you think that Dylan by putting his poems to music has broken through this barrier of indifference? He has by now actually reached millions of people. Do you think he's using the music just as a device to get his poetry over to all these people, vastly greater numbers than any American poet has ever reached, or do you think his music is an integral part of what he is creating?

PHIL: It's a combination of both. I tend to think his music is an integral part — it's poetry in song form. And therefore not really subject to all the disciplines of classic poetry, but subject to the disciplines of the ballad and of music. And he's combined the two. And as to Frost, Kennedy could bring Frost out, but that doesn't mean anything really. I mean, it's a nice gesture, but Robert Frost didn't speak to the mass; Robert Frost as all of the other poets of the past spoke to the intelligentsia, spoke to a small minority of the country. And a truckdriver couldn't care less whether Robert Frost was there with Kennedy or not —

GORDON: Whitman wanted very much to speak to the masses, but he really reached only a handful of the intellectuals —

PHIL: Some poets want to, yes, want to reach everybody. But you see, Dylan has in fact done this. This is one of the incredible things about Dylan. He's the first poet to speak to everybody — to the mass audience. And it has been through the vehicle of music. And also that his poetry is — even when he gets way out — is basically down to earth. His poetry can be followed. His images can be understood. He hasn't broken into complete mystical allusion where there's no way of following him, logically, without intense study. He hasn't broken into complete literary allusion where you can only listen to him by being incredibly well-read yourself, as you have to be to read T. S. Eliot. So Dylan is still reachable. Even in his new record where he goes way out in his poetry it's all quite clear — you can follow it. You can sit there and listen to it, and if you want to spend the time for two or three hearings you can follow him quite clearly, even though there may be many different interpretations of what he is saying. The level of his writing stays on the level of the common mentality, which makes Dylan the great common poet — perhaps the greatest common poet ever.

But there's something about this that I've got to bring out. There's something very dangerous, something very frightening about this whole thing now. Dylan is very disturbing. Dylan gets up there and sings great thoughts and great poetry to everybody; and when you say everybody you mean also to neurotics, to immature people, to the lumpen proletariat, to people not in control of themselves. Dylan is forcing everybody to listen to him, the quality of his work is so good and so communicative. He's forcing everybody to listen to him, and I wonder what's going to happen. I don't know if Dylan can get on the stage a year from now. I don't think so. I mean that the phenomena of Dylan will be so much that it will be dangerous. One year from now I think it will be very dangerous to Dylan's life to get on the stage. In other words, he's gotten inside so many people's heads — Dylan has become part of so many people's psyche, and there're so many screwed up people in America, and death is such a part of the American scene now. The Kennedy assassination is a part of this story. People are much more conscious of death because when Kennedy was killed youth was killed, beauty was killed, security was killed. You see, America has been living a kind of floating existence. This is what alienation means essentially — they had been divorced from life. They left the farm, they're in the cities and they've been separated from life. Everything is solved — "Don't worry about this; you can get an operation for that" — everything is going to be taken care of. But one thing that can't be taken care of, even in America, is death. And Kennedy's assassination brought this realization home to everybody. And Kennedy, for the first time in history brought this thought home to the young. Dylan has become of such mammoth proportions, this great quality reaching so many minds and Dylan is part of so many peoples' psyches and is inside so many heads that I can even foresee his having to leave the country — go to France, go to Cuba, and sit there and write. Or, you know, the next step for Dylan should be movies. By his appearance, by the way he moves — this makes for a most valid screen figure. Every time I see Dylan I'm struck by how incredibly photogenic and how alive he is, and what I'm waiting to see is not that he stop writing songs but how he can expand his writing. I'm not so much excited by the idea of Dylan's book because I tend to feel that Dylan's book will limit his form, that it'll be too much of a good thing, that Dylan is most effective when he's taken in small doses, that to plough through several hundred pages of free-wheeling verse will be too much. I'm sure it'll be the same great images and the same great ideas, but I don't feel he's carried discipline to the point where he can carry a book. But I think he can carry a movie. With the ideas inherent in Dylan, as obviously visual as he thinks and with the right director — and with Dylan working on the script as he goes along — it could once again be a floating, a free-wheeling type of thing. It could be that type of movie which hopefully would not make the mistake of being an imitation of the Beatles' movies. It should be much more than that. I think that's the next step.

What is happening to Dylan now could have been foreseen. Even without the going into Rock & Roll — all this storming onto the stage — he's playing with teenage minds by being in the pop market, and it's a dangerous thing. And I think he's going to have to quit. Dylan, I think, will become the most successful entertainer of all times, and by being so successful and so right, will have to quit. That's the paradox. On this immediate level, it won't make sense for Dylan to get on the stage again. I mean Dylan would feel so uncomfortable, and there'll be too much of a strain in that concert, or even in the outdoor concert hall, that he'll just have to leave. And that's really an incredible thought. But I can see it happening — already.

SIS: But at his Forest Hills concert, and at Newport, the audience was divided.

PHIL: But that was a Rock-and-Roll thing there. But that is part of what I'm talking about too. The Beatles can get away with it in all the screaming and attack because they are essentially selling youth and being flip and young and just going out there and having a good time when they sing — you know, have a ball, have a great time. But Dylan is doing much more psychological things than that. He's doing it in much more psychological terms and going much deeper in his words. And I can just picture young teenagers all over the country sitting up in their bedrooms listening to Dylan again and again and again trying to find out what he is saying. And Dylan, of course, has this whole aggressive thing — this whole attacking, putting down. This is part of his style like in his new single, "I wish you were standing in my shoes so you could see what a drag it is to see you . . ." And also in LIKE A ROLLING STONE, the same way there: once you hung around with the incrowd, and now you're on your own — how does it feel? — and screw you, you're out and it's too bad — no sympathy, but a hatred, a real aggression coming out. And all this done on the stage, and done great. It's not done in any sophomori way at all. And it has a very disturbing effect on people. It's reall an incredible thing.

GORDON: It drives a man to drink — or to LSD.

PHIL: Dylan is LSD on the stage. Dylan is LSD set to music — that' Dylan.

SIS: You'd say then that these masses of teenagers listen to Dyla with no other thought or feeling than one of complete absorptio Do you think this is a form of hypnosis — would you say that it is?

PHIL: It's a form of hypnosis. It's not that everybody sits there listen ing to him with a single-track mind; Dylan has managed to conven a very dangerous neurotic audience together in one place, who a all hipped on him on different levels. They aren't all listening to hi in the same way. That's the danger of it — they're all listening f different things. Some of them are there looking for the lost symb of the message singer. And none of them have any right to him. Y see that's the thing that none of them really understand: none them have any right to Dylan. Dylan is an individual singing. A these people want to own him. And that's what a lot of Dylan's son are about: You can't own me — I'm free; you can't own me eve though you want to, and you can go to hell — for even trying to o me. And that's absurd — that's a joke — sitting there and saying want the old Dylan, or we want the new Dylan. That's bullshit, tha nonsense. It's evil. It's a very sick thing going on there. And i because of this neurotic audience that Dylan has got. And that is w Dylan has got to be careful, and that is why he'll have to quit singi

But there's another major step that hasn't been brought into foc yet: Dylan in translation — Dylan in Russian, in Chinese, in Afric languages. This is a major step, a major hurdle that he's going make now, or that's going to be made for him. And the implicatio of that are going to be very, very far reaching.

GORDON: — or even Dylan really translated into American. He h a much more understanding audience in England, more appreciati more —

PHIL: More mature. Because America is a country in turmoil, country without any backbone — a country that doesn't understa itself — and that's also why I say Dylan has to leave, because h playing with a country that doesn't understand itself. And he's putti it down for that; he's putting down a mass of people that don't und stand themselves, that are totally screwed up. And when he goes England he gets a more intelligent audience, a more common au ence. I got the same thing in Canada — I went to Canada and struck with the difference. And that was just over the border i country considered similar to the U.S., but there was an incredi difference. I walk on the street in America and I sometimes th somebody is going to shoot me in the back, I see the look in ot peoples' faces and I feel this terrible tension. In Canada I ne felt that.

SIS: You draw a different audience than Dylan, don't you? Here this country, aren't your audiences dissimilar?

PHIL: We overlap to a surprising degree.

SIS: It's that part of the audience which calls for the "old" Dylan boos the "new" Dylan which, I feel, follows you — the audience t wants the straightforward, uncomplicated protest song, the audie that likes "With God On Your Side".

PHIL: I'm quite sure Dylan despises what I write. I've talked to about this at some length — and I get the impression he can't acc what I'm doing. Because in his mind it's political and therefore b hit. Because I'm not writing about myself and my deepest emotions, e feels. And I'm not facing the thing as brutally honestly as he is — n other words, he thinks that I could be much more honest with yself. And this is the disturbing thing. Here's the man I most espect in the world, Dylan, telling me that — "hey, your writing is ullshit", essentially. And I keep on writing it, after him telling me is. And I have to search myself all the time, ask myself what am I oing, am I kidding myself, is Dylan kidding himself about politics, nd the more I think about it the more I'm convinced we're both valid. think Dylan's telling me I'm writing the wrong thing has been a help me in a sense, because it's made me look at myself in the deepest ay — because, here's one of my main sources attacking me and I ave to look at myself and question what my reasons are for writing hese songs. Am I a complete phony as he thinks — is that true? nd I keep coming up with the answer that I think I am doing the ght thing. I think that Dylan makes a basic mistake here in rejecting is old writing and my writing — this relates to what I have said any times before, namely that there are a lot of bad protest songs eing written, and they've been very blunt and unartistic and very nreaching and unsearching songs. I wrote an article about the ROADSIDE Hoots saying that exact same thing. But I'm trying to be writer, and I'm trying to be as good a writer as I can. And I'm taken ith the art form of social realism. There is a basic question here: an you reject any form of art? I don't think so, and I also think that ocial realism is a valid form of art. Take, for example, social realism n movies. I think a lot nowadays in terms of movies and I go to see hem all the time. I'm struck with the art form of movies, and I've een a number that bear out my idea that great art can be achieved n the use of social realism. There's the Italian movie of the forties, PEN CITY — an anti-fascist movie — a great movie — and it's a social ealism movie. In America THE DEFIANT ONES compares to it, and hat is also a great movie of social realism. There is no reason why his can't also be done in song. HERE'S TO THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI becomes — in performance — a very moving, an overpowering, a punching out form of social realism.

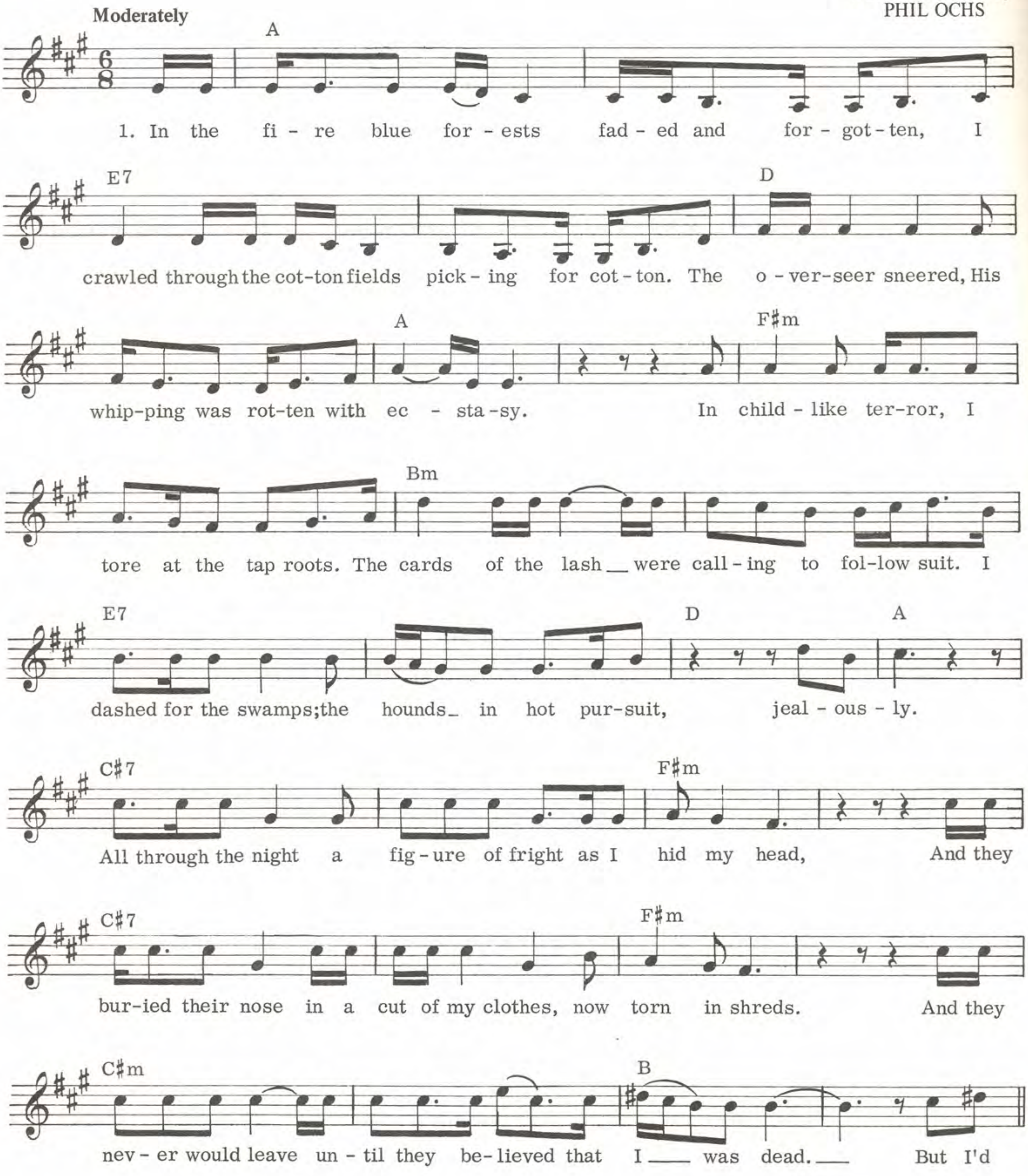
And what I try to say to Dylan — to a lot of people — is: why can't ou grow as a poet within the framework of social realism? Why can't ou develop your craft, your discipline, in this area, too? The use of ne art form does not exclude another. For example, I've written a ew song called CHANGES which is very important to me because t is a very personal and poetic song. But by writing that song I did ot prove to myself that what I was doing before was nonsense — t is just another form, and frankly, a more satisfying form personally — I can sing CHANGES to myself more than I can the political songs and get more intense feeling out of it. So when I write CHANGES and find it satisfying I say to myself: what have I done that works so well in this song that I can apply also to the songs of social realism? Going back to Dylan, I really hope he doesn't become too violent in putting down his former self, because in the end, I think, that will limit him as a writer. He will limit his scope. I still maintain he could have gone much further than he did in the idiom of social realism. And even now he can go back and do it. I think that's what he did, essentially, when he wrote IT'S ALL RIGHT MA. In it he combined the old Dylan and the new and it's one of his very best songs because it brought together the best elements of the two. But Dylan feels that protest denies the esthetic. This is, of course, an historical argument, a classical view of art: that protest denies art by the mere fact that you're protesting. However, I think that there can be esthetic protest. The esthetic plus social realism plus music plus a sense of art plus discipline plus understanding where you are at and trying persistently to improve your work. I ask myself, why does an artist feel impelled to write about society — about what is going on. And I look at the American society and I get the view that America has become quite fat and quite alienated from life and from a sense of struggle and from a sense of conflict. I'd like to illustrate this also by my journeys to the movies. Two days ago I saw a movie called TO DIE IN MADRID, a documentary on the Spanish Civil War. And it's very strange — here I am a comfortable middle class Jewish guy sitting there watching movies from 1936 and 1937 and seeing young men volunteering for the International Brigade and going to fight in Spain and you see the pattern emerging from the movie that they're just not going to win. They're going to be fed into the German military machine as fodder to test out new weapons and they're going to die, thousands and thousands are going to die and they're going to be tortured. And I sit there wondering, questioning myself all the time: could I do that? And I've got this great streak of cowardice in myself and I'm most afraid of dying — and I sit there wondering, could I? Then I walk outside and I go down to the Village and I see people running around with long hair, climbing on the Beatle-Dylan bandwagon and I'm struck with this incredible difference of the young man going off to die in Spain and the young man growing his hair long and trying to sound like John Lennon. It becomes a revolting thing. You see it adds up to this: when you try to develop your sense of perception you come to the inevitable view, the world is absurd. Which is essentially what Dylan says. How can you even think about it! It just can't be possible. No amount of work can ever change the absurdity.

This leads to — and somehow this is the thing — this is what I can't understand as part of my own psychological make-up. Something inside of me gets greatly disturbed at seeing this absurdity, and this as it turns out is probably the root of my songs. And yet I'm totally turned off — as I have written in recent articles — by the protest songwriting movement, because it tends to have too much disregard for quality. There is a further paradox here, and I'm trying to resolve it by thinking and talking about it. Something in my psyche has to feel the responsibility of what goes on in Viet Nam. When we bomb North Viet Nam I have to be disgusted and repelled. But I can also look at Viet Nam and laugh, can make jokes like it's a fun war. And laugh about the napalm. I admit this — I do laugh about it, and say, well, it must be a joke, it's so ridiculous. I can make jokes about it in what you might call sick humor. But then I go off and I write a very serious song about it. In the notes of my last record there was one very important part that ELEKTRA cut out — in which I said that some of these songs are so intense that when I'm singing them on the stage sometimes my view of the absurd will carry me one step beyond how evil something is. And I fear that one day I might have to break out laughing on stage. ELEKTRA was afraid to print that because they thought it would hurt my image. They were worried about my image. But I sure wish they'd printed it — well, at least we'll get it out here in BROADSIDE. You see, it's a paradox inside my head, to laugh at something and at the same time take it seriously and deal with it.

To sum up. This is one thing I feel is a driving force: that I get so repelled by certain things — or they strike me as funny — or weird or strange — or ridiculous — and my response comes out in the form of a song. And there is one thing that helps carry me through: this close identification with the problems of the world where things like Viet Nam go on. And as I said before, it's not enough to know the world is absurd and restrict yourself merely to pointing out that fact. To me this was the essential flaw of the fifties, great perception leading to inaction. If there is to be any hope for the world this perception must lead to action. In the song MY BACK PAGES Dylan laughs at himself as an impotent musketeer fighting false battles. I often laugh at myself in the same way and many times consider my role ridiculous, but still I am forced to go on. Because the ugly fact is ingrained in my mind that if I don't go on the world will be left to the hands of the Hitlers, the McCarthys and Johnsons. I don't want to have to read Dylan's works smuggled out from prisons. I like to bring in the great Greek writer Katzenakis to illustrate this point. He says it is wrong to expect a reward for your struggle. The reward is the act of struggle itself, not what you win. In other words, even though you can't expect to defeat the absurdity of the world you must make the attempt. That's morality, that's religion. That's art. That's life.

WHEN IN ROME

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Moderately
A
1. In the fi - re blue for - ests fad - ed and for - got - ten, I
E7
crawled through the cot-ton fields pick - ing for cot - ton. The
D
o - ver-seer sneered, His whip-ping was rot-ten with
A
ec - sta - sy.
F♯m
In child - like ter-ror, I tore at the tap roots. The cards
Bm
of the lash __ were call - ing to fol-low suit. I
E7
dashed for the swamps; the hounds _ in hot pur-suit,
D
jeal -
A
ous - ly.
C♯7
All through the night a fig - ure of fright as I
F♯m
hid my head, And they
C♯7
bur-ied their nose in a cut of my clothes, now
F♯m
torn in shreds. And they
C♯m
nev - er would leave un - til they be- lieved that
B
I ___ was dead. ___ But I'd

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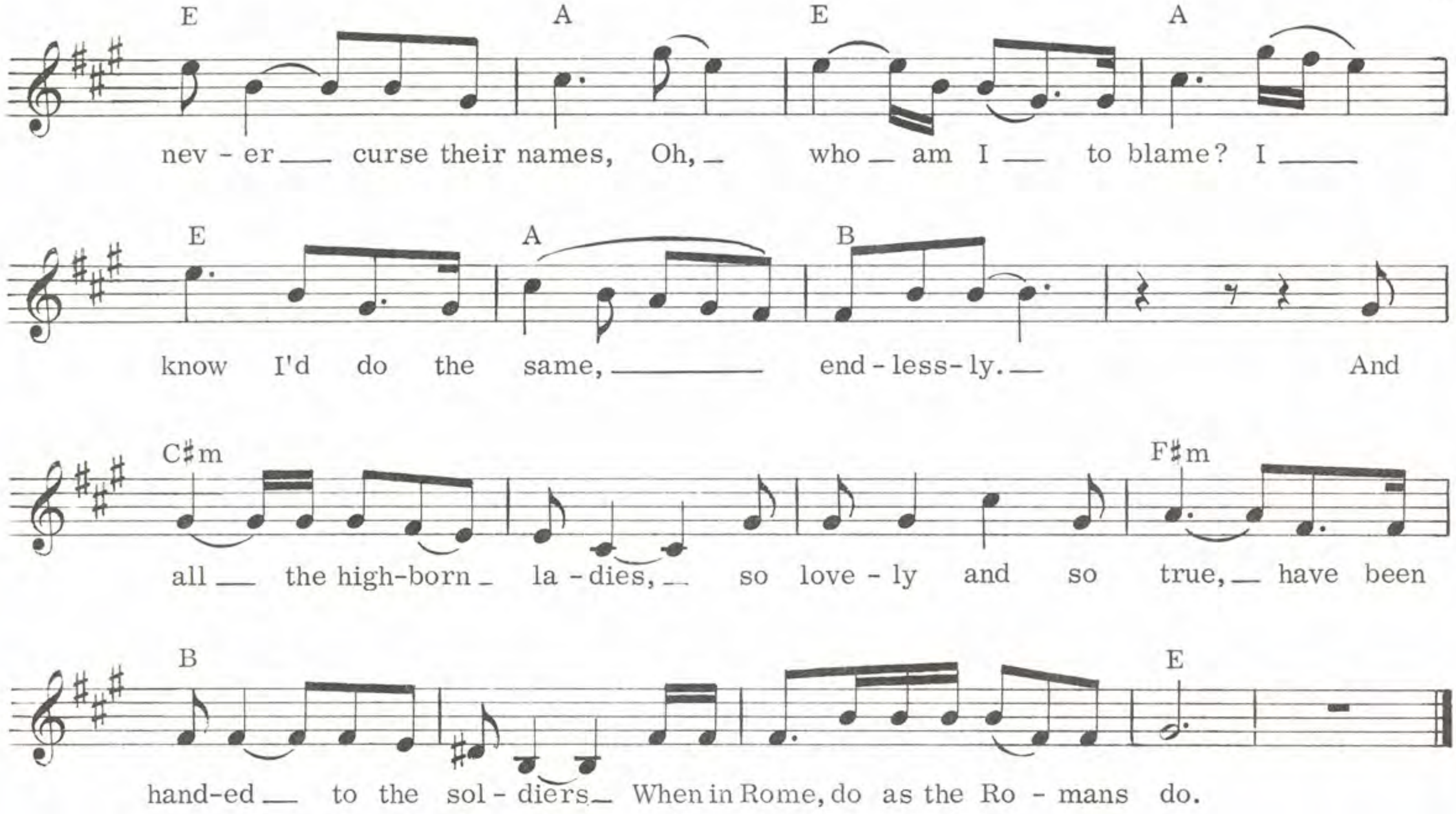

E A E A
nev - er curse their names, Oh, who am I to blame? I
E A B
know I'd do the same, end - less - ly. And
C♯m F♯m
all the high-born la - dies, so love - ly and so true, have been
B E
hand-ed to the sol - diers When in Rome, do as the Ro - mans do.

2. Frail and afraid in the mists of the morning,
The snakes and the spiders were sadly performing.
The bark of the dogs kept up the warning inside the wood.

Sweating and swearing, I crawled from the manger.
The highway appeared to take me from danger.
Is there anyone here who would pick up a stranger,
I wish they could.

Then someone replied, "Would you like a ride, come in," he said.
We drove for a while; he gave me a smile and a piece of bread.
The hammer was hard in the chrome of the car as I cracked his head.

And we took off in a spin, I smashed his skull again.
Thank you, my good friend, I feel so good.

And all the *etc.*

3. Late in the evening, I came to the city.
I fell to the sidewalk sighing for pity.
A diamond was dropped from the hands of the pretty to be so kind.

Cowards and corpses were busy competing.
The rhymes of the riots were busy repeating.
I raced to the corner and sped from the speeding
To save my mind.

Latches and locks and companies of cops hid from the rain.
There was silk in the stores for the whims of the whores
That shone with shame.
I asked for a light from a priest in the night, then I fanned the flames.

And the traffic all stood still to see if some had been killed;
I was glad to leave a thrill so far behind.

And all the *etc.*

4. A monk and his mother were dancing so dandy.
The topless nun was handing out candy.
The beautiful bishop broke out the brandy—the kiss we craved.

They stuttered and stammered, "Would I feel like staying?"
We fell to our knees feverishly praying.
The salt in the saltpeter seemed to be saying,
"Be brave, be brave."

I reached for a robe, I preached and I probed, and I taught the tomb.
Tho' greed for the guilt was played to the hilt as I promised doom.
I toyed with their fears till coins and tears filled the room.
Then I took off down the road, laughing madly like a toad.
God bless every soulless soul that would be saved.

And all the *etc.*

5. A chorus of children were passing the hours;
I joined in their fun and gave them my flowers covered with kisses
And showered with showers that they repaid.

Taken and trusting, would I be their teacher.
She looked so appealing, I wanted to touch her.
Just out of reach unable to reach her,
Their hands were raised.

Charmed by the chalk the lessons were taught inside the class.
They studied the rules of the samurai schools they had to pass.
The lessons were learned, the room was adjourned, I turned on the gas.

And I watched them make their pleas;
They passed the test with ease.
I gave them their degrees they made the grade.

And all the *etc.*

6. Feeling my weakness a coward for company,
I joined the ranks of the hot and the hungry
To teach what it means to have love for your country. We marched away.

We lowered our lives for the lines of the border.
We danced with the mothers and played with the daughters.
We followed our fantasies following orders.
It was child's play.

After the war the bullets were bored so we kept the game.
With cynical smiles we put them on trial to place the blame.
Now what kind of beast would love such a feast. Have you no shame?

So we hung them by the feet. Oh! We shot them in the street.
Yes, the victory was sweet on victory day.

7. The bread and the circuses came to be nearing the savior or
Somebody must be appearing.
Pagans and pageants were all disappearing, inside my head.

The stones on the statues were staring and stalling;
Caesar and Cassius were cursing and calling.
The empire had risen, and now it was falling,
Or so it seemed.

The crown and the cross seemed empty and lost in dark despair,
And luminous lies and death in disguise were everywhere.
The canvas was cold, the story was old, I said my prayers.

Then I crowned him on the head. Oh! I blessed him as he bled.
Oh! At last the King is dead. God save the Queen.

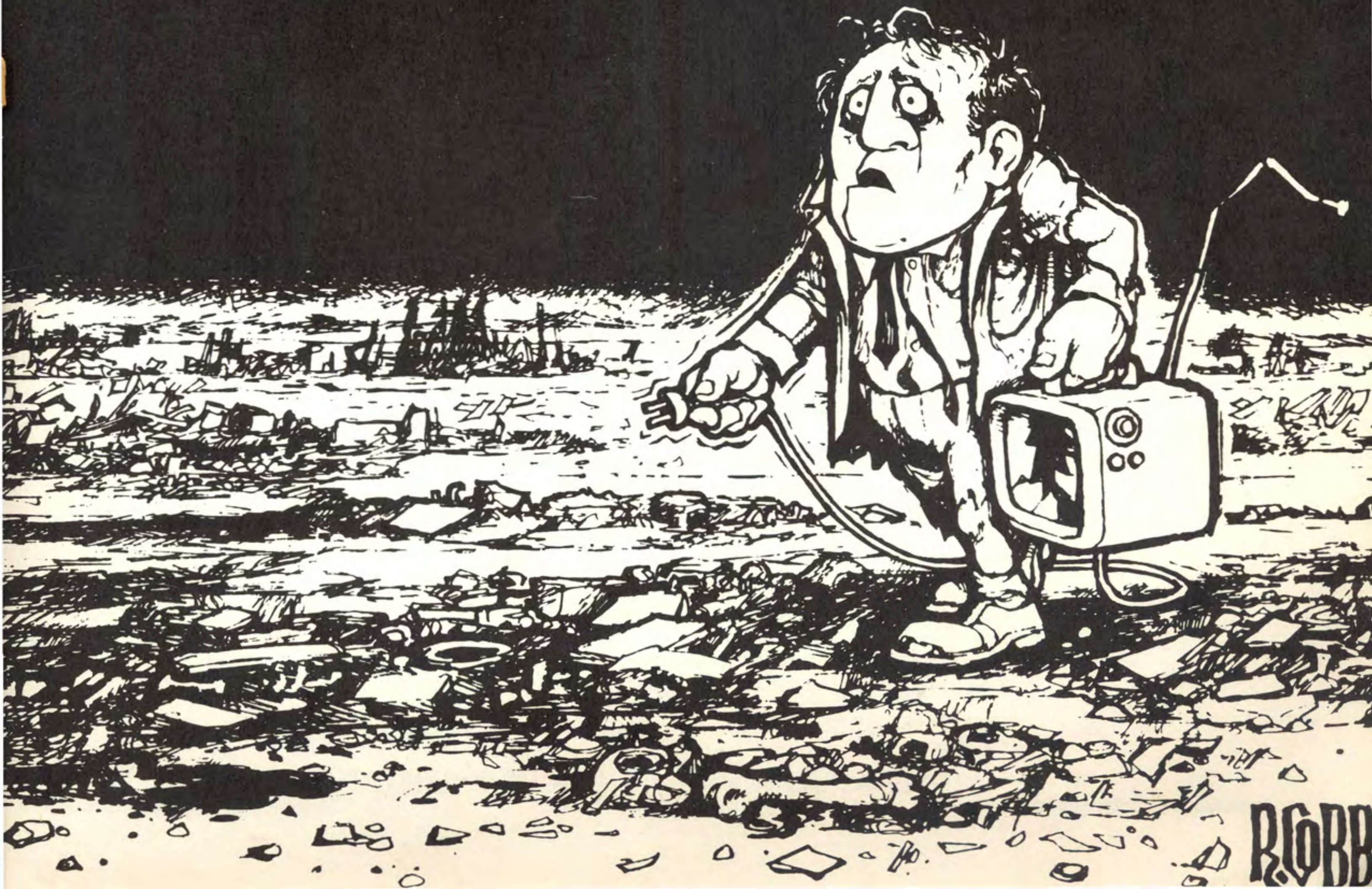
8. Now nothing remained for building or burning.
The losing of lovers was all I was learning.
A time for escape and a time for returning had come to me.

Back through the ashes and back through the embers;
Back through the roads and the ruins I remembered.
My hands at my side I sadly surrendered, do as you please.

The hero was home, proven and grown. . .I fell on the floor
Mad with romance, they started to play. Their star was born.
I bled like the rain, I exploded in pain, then I screamed for more.

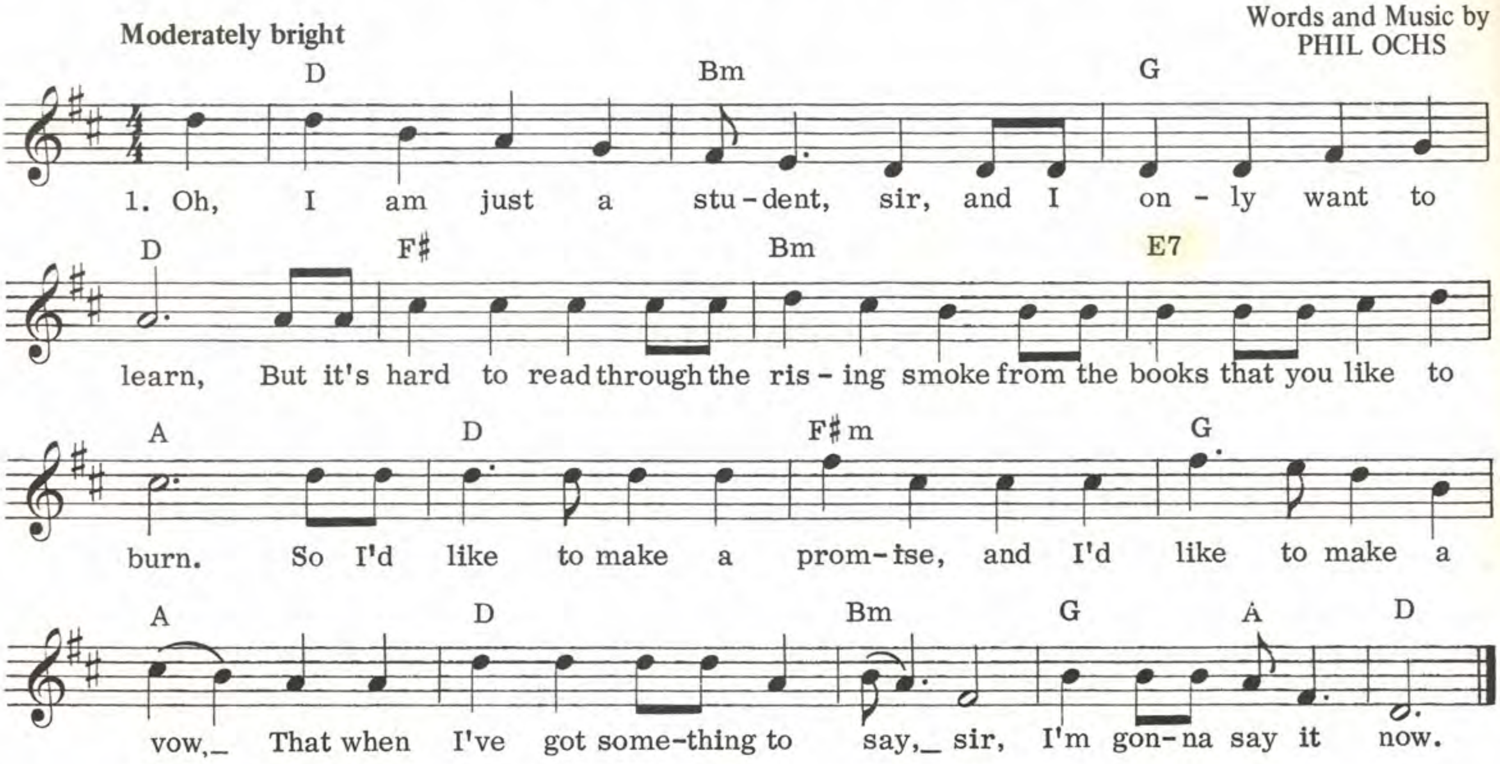
Oh make me feel sublime, release me from my mind,
Kill me one more time, and set me free.

And all the highborn ladies, so lovely and so true,
Have been handed to the soldiers. When in Rome do as the Romans do.



I'M GONNA SAY IT NOW

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Moderately bright
D
Bm
G
1. Oh, I am just a stu-dent, sir, and I on-ly want to
D
F#
Bm
E7
learn, But it's hard to read through the ris-ing smoke from the books that you like to
A
D
F#m
G
burn. So I'd like to make a prom-ise, and I'd like to make a
A
D
Bm
G
A
D
vow,_ That when I've got some-thing to say,_ sir, I'm gon-na say it now.

2. Oh, you've given me a number, and you've taken off my name.
To get around this campus, why I'd almost need a plane.
And you're supporting Chiang-Kai-Shek while I'm supporting Mao.
So, when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.

3. I wish that you'd make up your mind; I wish that you'd decide
That I should live as freely as those who live outside
Cause we also are entitled to the rights to be endowed.
And when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.

4. Oh, you'd like to be my father; you'd like to be my dad.
And give me kisses when I'm good and spank me when I'm bad,
But since I left my parents I've forgotten how to bow.
So, when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.

5. And things they might be different if I was here alone.
But I've got a friend or two who no longer live at home,
And we'll respect our elders just as long as they allow
That when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.

6. I've read of other countries where the students take a stand;
They've even helped to overthrow the leaders of the land.
Now, I wouldn't go so far to say we're also learning how,
But when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.

7. So keep right on a-talking and tell us what to do,
But if nobody listens, my apologies to you.
And I know that you were younger once, cause you sure are older now.
And when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.

8. Oh, I am just a student, sir, and I only want to learn,
But it's hard to read through the rising smoke from the books that you like to burn.
So I'd like to make a promise, and I'd like to make a vow,
That when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.

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BRACERO

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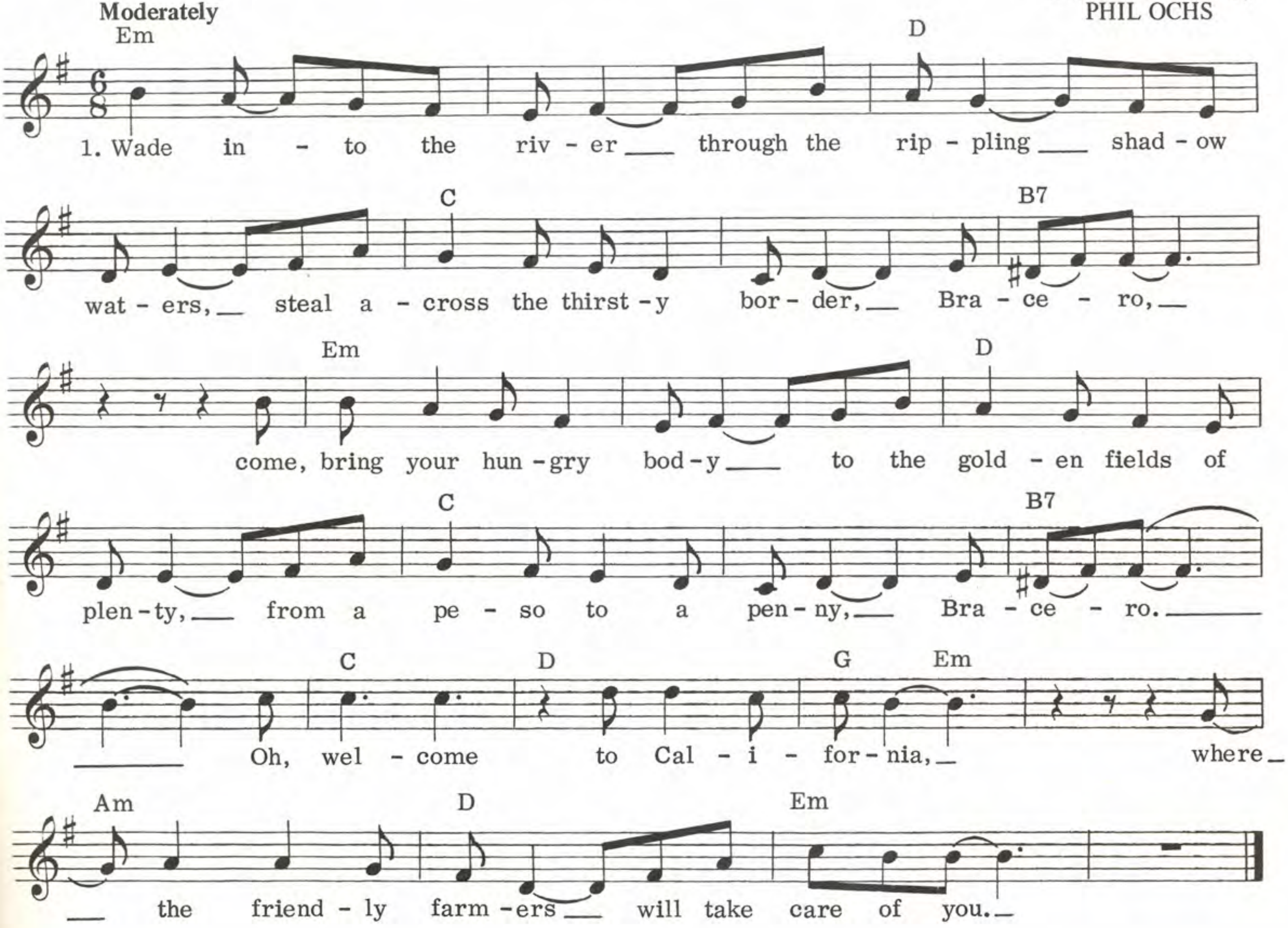
Moderately
Em
D
1. Wade in - to the riv - er __ through the rip - pling __ shad - ow
C
B7
wat - ers, __ steal a - cross the thirst - y bor - der, __ Bra - ce - ro, __
Em
D
come, bring your hun - gry bod - y __ to the gold - en fields of
C
B7
plen - ty, __ from a pe - so to a pen - ny, __ Bra - ce - ro. ____
C
D
G
Em
Oh, wel - come to Cal - i - for - nia, __ where __
Am
D
Em
__ the friend - ly farm - ers __ will take care of you. __

2. Come labor for your mother, for your father and your brother,
For your sisters and your lover, Bracero.
Come pick the fruits of yellow, break the flowers from the berries.
Purple grapes will fill your bellies, Bracero.

Chorus

3. And the sun will bite your body as the dust will dry you thirsty
While your muscles beg for mercy, Bracero.
In the shade of your sombrero, drop your sweat upon the soil
Like fruit, your youth can spoil, Bracero.

Chorus

4. When the weary night embraces, sleep in shacks that could be cages.
They will take it from your wages, Bracero.
Come sing about tomorrow with the jingle of the dollars,
And forget your crooked collars, Bracero.

Chorus

5. And the local men are lazy, and they make too much of trouble.
'Sides we'd have to pay them double, Bracero.
Ah, but if you feel you're falling, if you find the pace is killing,
There are others who are willing, Bracero.

Chorus

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The Torture Garden

You've seen the artist at work; now you can watch him at his leisure
No, there must be some mistake, I've only come here to deliver the carnival
No, there's no mistake. You and the other deserters are only out for personal pleasure
farewell you fiend, he gasped leaping on the turntable
and his body was found
33 and 1/3 inches under the ground
under the underground of the torture garden.

The banana police have surrounded the monastery
come out with your legs crossed they shout thru the petal splitting speakers
the high appeals have found you guilty of sobriety
so take off your wretched robes and hang up your silken sneakers
and before they could say hare krishna
they were discharged and drowned
in the underground nightmare nozzles
of the torture garden.

The night watchman jealously guards every day as a vacation
he pretends not to notice the foliage that falls from the track of the greenhouse train
he has a fetish for turtles who help him guard the station
and he had no choice when one was swept under the barbed wire drain
breaking all the rules he dug his way under the roots of the wall
and was never again seen
though someone heard a scream
almost inhuman
in the echoes of the underground of the torture garden.

The democratic salesmen have taken out a billboard on the strip
pacifying the passing motorists not to stop for winter's whistles
and three airlines have crashed, their engines gutted with bunches of tulips
The Laurel Canyon forest fire apparently was caused by guided missiles
every unimportant figure has recently sustained an accident
and the fertilizer crew
has had an epidemic of flu
while working double time in the underground of the torture garden.

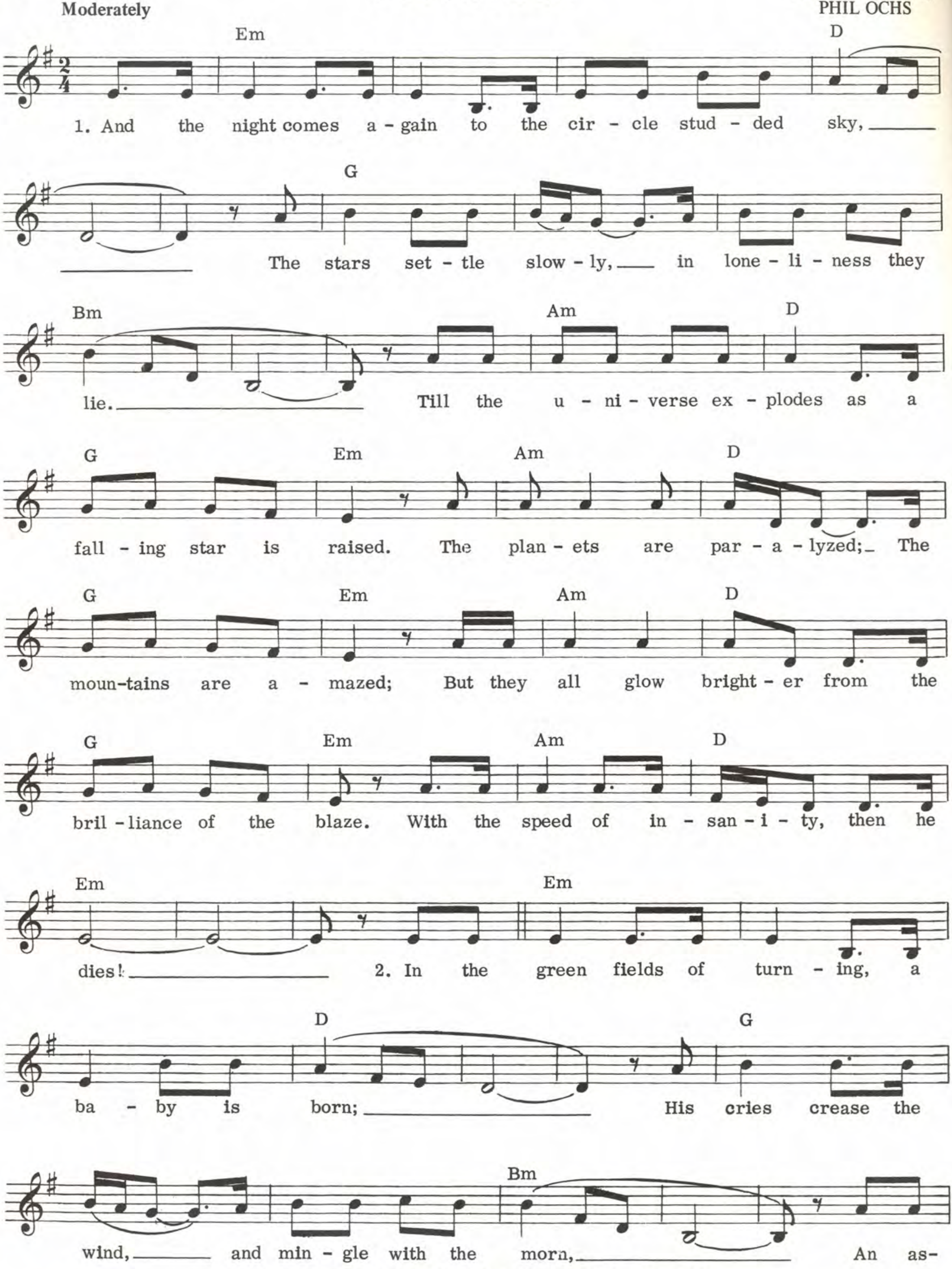
The rebels and anarchists are publicized by Time Magazine
their impossible pictures are splashed on the sand of their target's breakfast tables
something must be done, why don't they call out the Marines
and gurgling cologne in the bathroom they complain the stocks are unstable
a concentration camp would be too much camp
the candidates from both parties agree
the two party system is what makes this country free
broadcast live from the ballroom of the underground
of the torture garden.

The city rises ravaged in the Menchevik morning
they rub chemicals on their skin heathens of a healthy glow
oh my god, oh my god, oh my god haven't we had enough warning
type the tomahawk typewriters while quoting Thoreau
the candy sweet aroma exhausts the air-conditioned air
and every hour on the half-hour
the recorded voice repeats
for Christs sakes
will you or will you not take this flower
freshly grown
in the ground of the underground
of the torture garden.

crucifixion

CRUCIFIXION

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Moderately
Em D
1. And the night comes a - gain to the cir - cle stud - ded sky, ___
G
___ The stars set - tle slow - ly, ___ in lone - li - ness they
Bm Am D
lie. ___ Till the u - ni - verse ex - plodes as a
G Em Am D
fall - ing star is raised. The plan - ets are par - a - lyzed; _ The
G Em Am D
moun-tains are a - mazed; But they all glow bright - er from the
G Em Am D
bril - liance of the blaze. With the speed of in - san - i - ty, then he
Em Em
dies! ___ 2. In the green fields of turn - ing, a
D G
ba - by is born; ___ His cries crease the
Bm
wind, ___ and min - gle with the morn, ___ An as-

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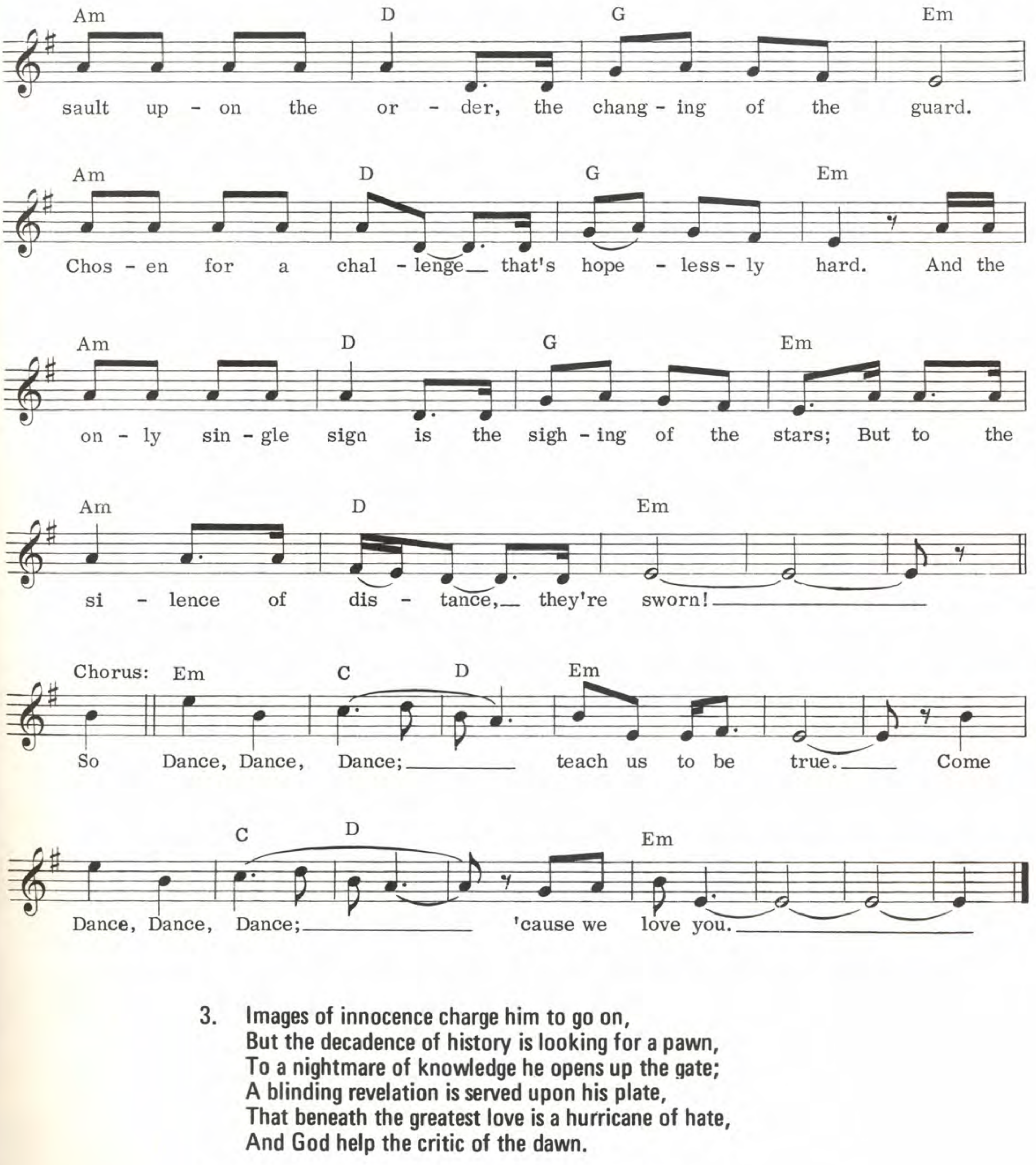

Am D G Em
sault up - on the or - der, the chang - ing of the guard.
Am D G Em
Chos - en for a chal - lenge that's hope - less - ly hard. And the
Am D G Em
on - ly sin - gle sign is the sigh - ing of the stars; But to the
Am D Em
si - lence of dis - tance, they're sworn!
Chorus: Em C D Em
So Dance, Dance, Dance; teach us to be true. Come
C D Em
Dance, Dance, Dance; 'cause we love you.

3. Images of innocence charge him to go on,
But the decadence of history is looking for a pawn,
To a nightmare of knowledge he opens up the gate;
A blinding revelation is served upon his plate,
That beneath the greatest love is a hurricane of hate,
And God help the critic of the dawn.

4. So he stands on the sea, and he shouts to the shore.
But the louder that he screams, the longer he's ignored.
For the wine of oblivion is drunk to the dregs,
And the merchants of the masses almost have to be begged
Till the giant is aware that someone's pulling at his leg,
And someone is tapping at the door.

Chorus

5. Then his message gathers meaning, and it spreads across the land.
The rewarding of the fame is the following of the man.
But ignorance is everywhere and people have their way,
And success is an enemy to the losers of the day.
In the shadows of the churches who knows what they pray.
And blood is the language of the band.

6. The Spanish bulls are beaten; the crowd is soon beguiled,
The matador is beautiful, a symphony of style.
Excitement is ecstatic; passion places bets.
Gracefully he bows to ovations that he gets;
But the hands that are applauding are slippery with sweat,
And saliva is falling from their smiles.

Chorus

7. Then this overflow of life is crushed into a liar.
The gentle soul is ripped apart and tossed into the fire.
First a smile of rejection at the nearness of the night.
Truth becomes a tragedy limping from the light.
The heavens are horrified; they stagger from the sight,
And the cross is trembling with desire.

8. They say they can't believe it, "It's a sacrilegious shame.
Now, who would want to hurt such a hero of the game.
But you know I predicted it; I knew he had to fall.
How did it happen? I hope his suffering was small.
Tell me every detail, I've got to know it all,
And do you have a picture of the pain."

Chorus

9. Time takes her toll, and the memory fades,
But his glory is growing in the magic that he made.
Reality is ruined; there is nothing more to fear.
The drama is distorted to what they want to hear.
Swimming in their sorrow in the twisting of a tear
As they wait for the new thrill parade.

10. The eyes of the rebel have been branded by the blind.
To the safety of sterility the threat has been refined.
The child was created to the slaughter house he's led.
So good to be alive when the eulogies are read.
The climax of emotion, the worship of the dead
As the cycle of sacrifice unwinds.

Chorus

And the night comes again to the circle studded sky,
The stars settle slowly, in loneliness they lie.
Till the universe explodes as a falling star is raised.
The planets are paralyzed; the mountains are amazed;
But they all glow brighter from the brilliance of the blaze.
With the speed of insanity, then he dies!

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WEREN'T

by Phil Ochs

This has been the year of the Indian; Johnny Cash recorded an Indian album, and more and more people in the folk world suddenly discovered there was more than a little wampum to be made by discovering a trace of Indian blood in their past and donning the traditional headband. This, too, got carried all out of proportion when Pat Sky, after an evening at the Gaslight Cafe with too much firewater, blew up and threw a tomahawk at a policeman trotting by on a horse and screamed, "Keep your stinking island!"

A more embarrassing scene took place as Buffy Sainte-Marie was closing an extended engagement in New York. At the end of her last set she was singing her stirring number, **Now That The Buffalo's Gone,** and as she raised her guitar for the last loud chord, an unseen louse let loose a rubber-tipped arrow that landed right on her dark-skinned forehead. By the way, I also discovered some Indian blood in my veins the other day when I cut my finger on some beads and have tentatively titled my next album, "Screw You, White Man!"

Speaking of albums, I have invented a new game called Album Titles, which you can apply to your favorite or unfavorite folk performer. Here's a list of starters;

COVER: A color close-up of a large female breast

TITLE: **More Judy Henske**

COVER: A leering, bearded man aiming a rifle out of a window

TITLE: **Another Side of Dave Van Ronk**

COVER: A dungareed half-smiling, long-haired boy walking down a snow-covered street with Susie Rotolo

TITLE: **The Free-Stealin' Phil Ochs**

COVER: A dungareed half-smiling, long-haired boy leaning over the body of a dead Negro woman with a cane

TITLE: **Still Another Side of Bob Dylan**

COVER: A scene on MacDougal Street with several unkempt persons, who have passed out with bottles in their hands, including Dave Van Ronk, Ed McCurdy, Bob Dylan, Bob Shane, Phil Ochs, The New Wine Folk Singers, and Bob Gibson

TITLE: Elektra's **The Booze Project**

COVER: The Jim Kweskin Jug Band walking into a side door of a suspicious looking building with large sacks on their backs

TITLE: **Bringing It All Back Home**

COVER: Picture of two Negro men with wry smiles on their faces and a beautiful blonde Aryan white girl on their shoulders

TITLE: **Peter, Paul and Your Sister**

This has been a disastrous year for the presentation of folk music to the mass public. Many sacred cows were milked dry in an unbelievable series of outrageous events. For example, the basic incompatibility of generations and disparate musical styles were exemplified in the knifing of "Spider" John Koerner by the suddenly vicious Mississippi John Hurt. Then there was that totally uncalled for and rather surprising incident on Bleecker Street when Pete Seeger, in the heat of an argument with Jean Ritchie, finally blew his top and jumped on her dulcimer.

And who can forget the sudden disappearance of 39 priceless Vanguard masters just two days before Jac Holzman took an extended trip to Europe. Or that Eric Andersen was assaulted by a freewheelin' gang of teen-age girls who stomped him mercilessly with their thirsty Spanish boots. But perhaps the most hideous example of foul folk play was when the Dave Van Ronk Jug Band forced the New Christy Minstrels to eat the American flag. The most frightening thing about that scene was that they did it in perfect unison.

Police are still investigating the bombing of the **Little Sandpaper Review.** There are at least 367 suspects with obvious motives, many of whom showed up at the burning building trying to block all the smoking exits, innocently protesting they didn't know the editors were inside. Minnesota police have been in contact with the Quebec Canadian Mounted, since in the last issue LSR had given a 1/16 rating to a new album of French-Canadian songs which it termed too extremist.

Actually, so many absurd things happened that I was forced to make up a second game called folk points. Here is an ingenious system to rate exactly how "IN" you are with the folk scene:

Discovering Indian blood in your past —seven points

Saying Joanie instead of Joan—five points

Saying that's not his real name, you know—three points (was 13 until **Newsweek)**

Having Ravi Shankar in your collectio —four points

Being invited to Woodstock, New York for a weekend—75 points

Being found without coterie outsid Bernard's Cafe Espresso in Woodstock o a weekend—minus 75 points

Quitting a commercial folk group, growing long hair and re-forming into Liverpool electric—nineteen points

Having a **Sing Out!** subscription—on point

Traveling to Hazard, Kentucky; Mississippi; or the Georgia Sea Islands—eigh points

Going on a Zen diet—23 points

Being invited to a Beatle party in England, flying there with Skip James, an turning on to LSD while showing Rudolp Nureyev your five-star rating in LSR— 3,000 points

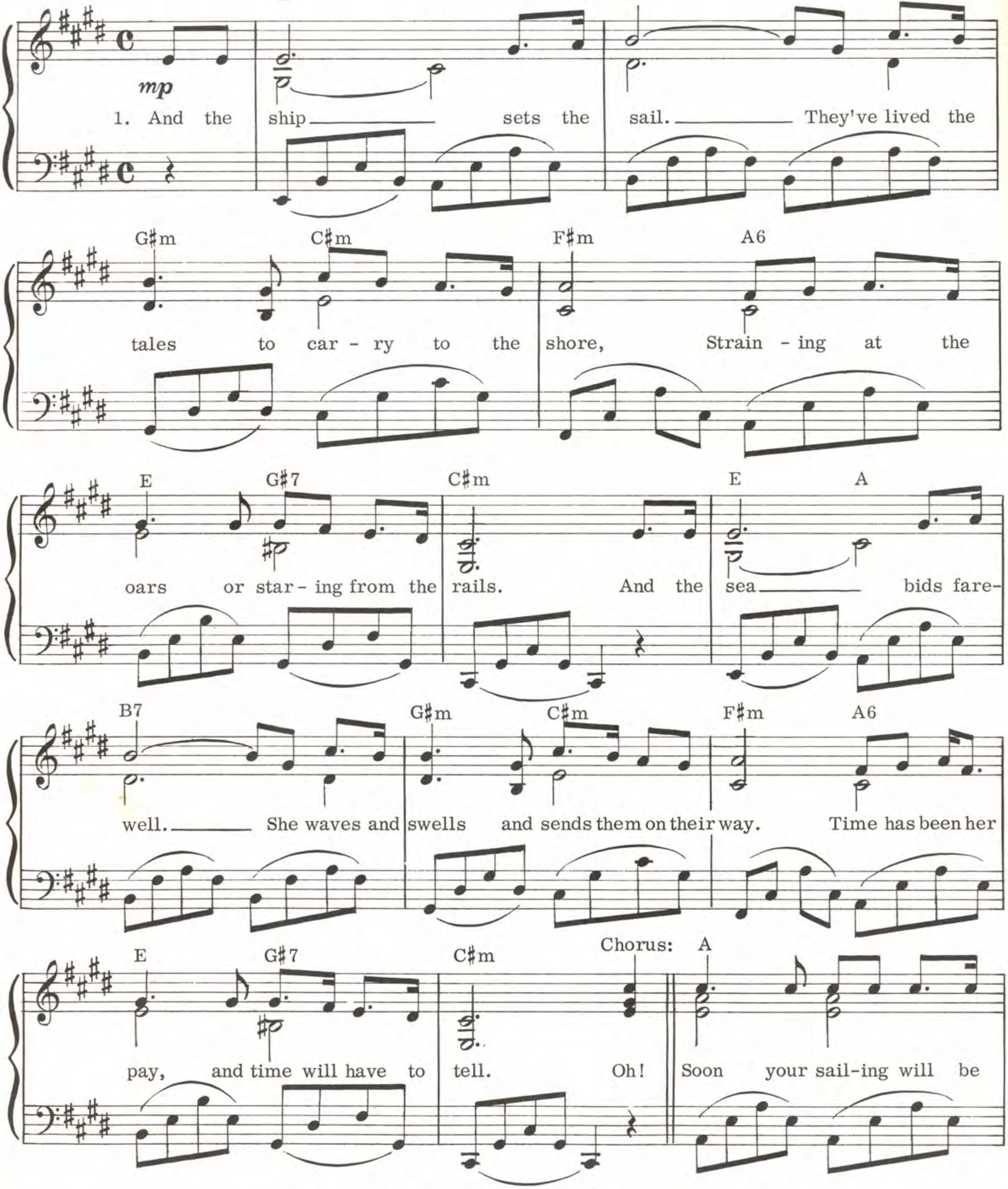
I am also starting a folk-entourag school where you can go into gladitori training to hang out in hip crowds wit budding young folk stars. You learn ho to criticize innocuously, put down any an all competition, get photographed b national magazines, and depart gracefully after a squabble to other folk entourages. If any young budding folk star are interested in being assigned a following, which by the way, is deductible please contact me at General Delivery Woodstock, New York.

This year also saw the emergence o Newport as the Academy Awards of Fol Music, where, in a secret ceremony ope only to the industry, awards were give out in the form of folkier-than-thou gol flat-picks, affectionately called Hooey (short for hootenanny). The only troubl was that everyone was so nice to everybody that every single award was a ti between at least fifteen people. So i turned out that everybody even remotel connected with folk music got an award with the notable exception of Rand Sparks, who was roundly hissed when hi named was mentioned early in th evening.

At the end of the presentations, th whole folk scene joined hands and san **We Shall Overcome** so many times tha everybody passed out. ■

PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Slowly
mp
E A B7
1. And the ship sets the sail. They've lived the
G♯m C♯m F♯m A6
tales to car - ry to the shore, Strain - ing at the
E G♯7 C♯m E A
oars or star - ing from the rails. And the sea bids fare-
B7 G♯m C♯m F♯m A6
well. She waves and swells and sends them on their way. Time has been her
E G♯7 C♯m Chorus: A
pay, and time will have to tell. Oh! Soon your sail-ing will be

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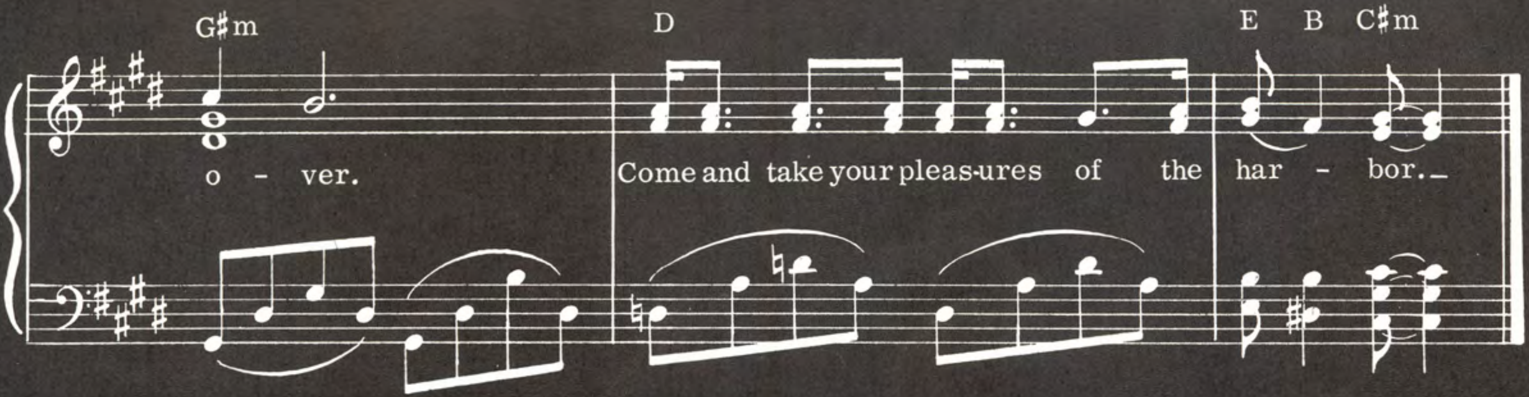


2. And the anchor hits the sand, the hungry hands have tied them to the port,
The hour will be short for the leisure on the land.
And the girls scent the air, they seem so fair, with paint upon their face,
Soft is their embrace to lead them up the stairs.

Chorus

3. In the room dark and dim, the touch of skin, he asks her of her name.
She answers with no shame and not a sense of sin.
The fingers draw the blind, the sip of wine, the cigarette of doubt
Till the candle is blown out, the darkness is so kind.

Chorus

4. And the shadows frame the light, the same old sight, the thrill has flown away.
All alone they lay, two strangers in the night,
Then his heart skips a beat, he's on his feet, to shipmates he must join.
She's counting up the coins, he's swallowed by the street.

Chorus

5. In the bar hangs a cloud, the whiskey's loud, there's laughter in their eyes.
The lonely in disguise are clinging to the crowd
And the bottle fills the glass, the haze is fast, he's trembling for the taste
Of passions gone to waste, in memories of the past.

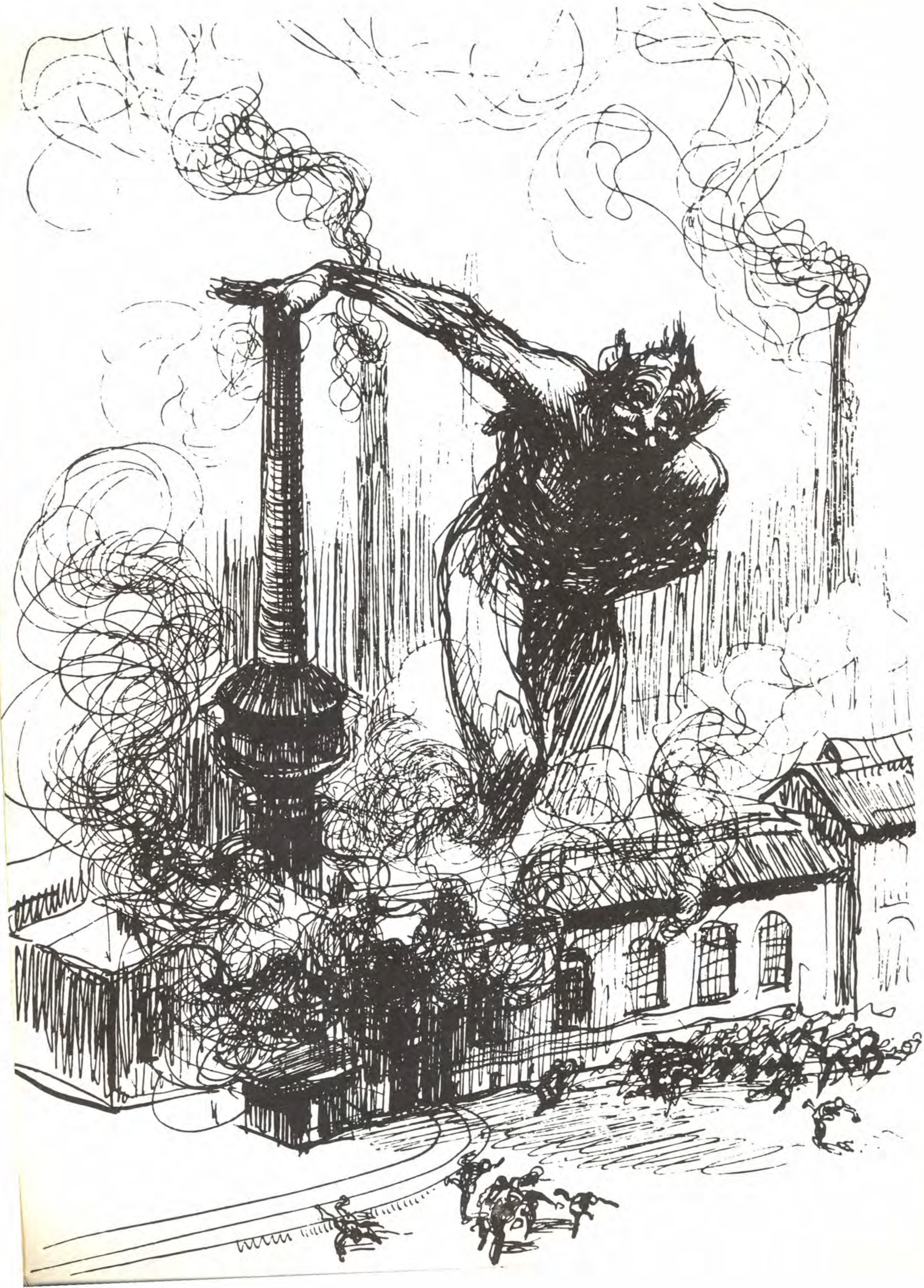
Chorus

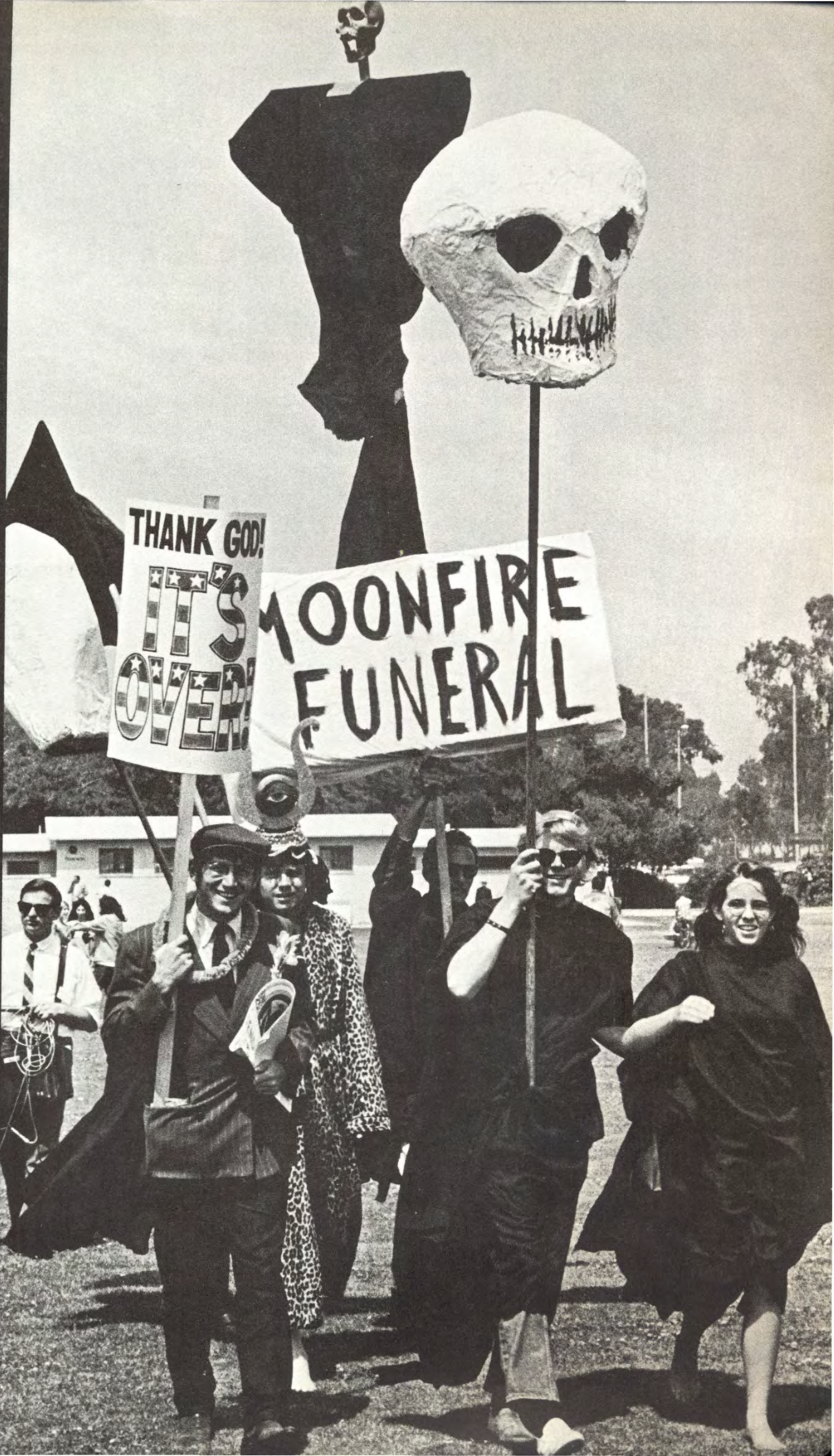
6. In the alley wet with rain, a cry of pain, for love was but a smile
Teasing all the while, now dancing down the drain
Till the boys reach the dock, they gently mock, and lift him on their backs
To lay him on his rack, to sleep beneath the clock.

Chorus

7. And the ship sets the sail. They've lived the tales to carry to the shore,
Straining at the oars or staring from the rails.
And the sea bids farewell. She waves and swells and sends them on their way.
Time has been her pay, and time will have to tell.

Chorus




THANK GOD!
IT'S OVER!
MOONFIRE FUNERAL

HAVE YOU HEARD? THE WAR IS OVER!

by Phil Ochs

Does protesting the war leave you tired and upset? Does civil disobedience leave you nervous and irritable? Does defending liberalism leave you feeling friendless and perhaps wondering about your breath? Does defending the need of repelling communist aggression leave you exhausted and give you that generation gap feeling?

On the other hand, are you tired of taking drugs to avoid the crushing responsibilities of a sober world? Do you want to do something about the war and yet refuse to bring yourself down to the low level of current demonstrations?

Is everybody sick of this stinking war?

In that case, friends, do what I and thousands of other Americans have done — declare the war over.

That's right, I said declare the war over from the bottom up.

This simple remedy has provided relief for countless frustrated citizens and has been overlooked for an amazingly long time, perhaps because it is so obvious. After all, this is our country, our taxes, our war. We pay for it, we die for it, we curiously watch it on television — we should at least have the right to end it.

Now I enjoy violence as much as the next guy, but enough is enough. Five seasons is plenty for the most exciting of series.

On Saturday, November 25, we are going to declare the war over and celebrate the end of the war in Washington Square Park at 1 p.m.

For one day only, you and your family can achieve that moment you've all been waiting for. Ludicrous as this may appear, it is certainly far less so than the war itself. I am not recommending this as a substitute for other actions; it is merely an attack of mental disobedience on an obediently insane society.

This is the sin of sins against an awkward power structure, the refusal to take it seriously. If you are surprised the war is over, imagine the incredulity of this administration when they hear about it.

Two or three years ago the morality of this war was argued, and those who said the war was indecent and ineffectual were proven correct. And if you feel you have been living in an unreal world for the last couple of years, it is partially because this power structure has refused to listen to reason, or to recognize that they've lost their argument. But like all bullies and empires gone mad, they will not give in simply because they are stronger.

By this time it must be apparent that Johnson is more absurd than wrong. The very word "wrong" has more connotations than immorality. There is no dialogue on this war, only the repetition of cliches from outworn arguments. Logic repeated too many times becomes ineffectual boredom, and Washington is numbing us with the rules of longevity. Step outside the guidelines of the official umpires and make your own rules and your own reality. One outrage must answer another; only absurdity can deal with absurdity.

Demonstrations should turn people on, not off. The spiritually depraved American public has shown it won't stand for the blunt truth served on a negative platter, which it always defensively assumes is insult. Demonstrations should satisfy the demands of this electronic and cinematic age. A protest demonstration can become one act of negation against another, canceling each other out. We need a newer and more positive approach, a pro-life, joyful, energized, magnificently absurd demonstration against the sucking vacuum of war.

More militant action could follow from this living theatre piece. You could refuse to go for a physical on the ground that there is no war. And suppose 20 or 30 million people signed a petition declaring the war over — the war which, by the way, has yet to be declared. What could be more democratic?

Think of that for a moment. How embarrassing can it get, to have an entire nation mobilized for war, to have the propaganda mills running full blast, to have half a million men near the field of battle, and this young country, so corrupt, so frightened, so sterile as to even av the minimum of ritual, to justify t travesty of their own self-destined do fall. If they don't have the courage of th reality to declare this war on, we sho at least have the courage of our imag ation to declare it over.

Everyone who comes should try to something creative on his own — ma up a few signs like "God Bless you L don for Ending the War," wear clot appropriate to the re-enactment of day, wave a flag and mean it, invite soldier along, form a brass band to p "When Johnnie Comes Marching Hom bring extra noisemakers and confe drink beer, kiss girls, and give thanks t weekend that the war is over.

There will be songs, dancing, mus flowers, and hundreds of celebrities be there, people like Ho Chi Minh, Be Grable, Lyndon Johnson, Regis Toom and John Wayne.

The war in Vietnam is an amphetam trip, a reflection of the spiritual dise that has gripped this country and torted every principle on which it built. This generation must make a cho between the total rejection of the cou and the decision to regain a spirit balance. I believe there is still someth inherent in the fibre of America wo saving, and that the fortunes of the en world may well ride on the ability of yo America to face the responsibilities of old America gone mad.

Old America has proven herself de dent enough to be willing to sacrifice of her finest generations into the garb truck of cold war propaganda. What k of depths have they sunk into to honor the very meaning of the w "honor" by asking young men to die nothing? This is not my America, this not my war; if there is going to be America, there is no war—la guerre finie!

The criminal patriotism of today mands the corruption of every citiz and now we pay the consequences not only in the jungles of Asia, but in materialist ravaged cities of America. N we are the lost patrol who chase th chartered souls like old whores followi tired armies.

Have you heard? The war is over! ■

VD DAY

NoV (1PM)
25TH

WASH-
SQUARE
PARK

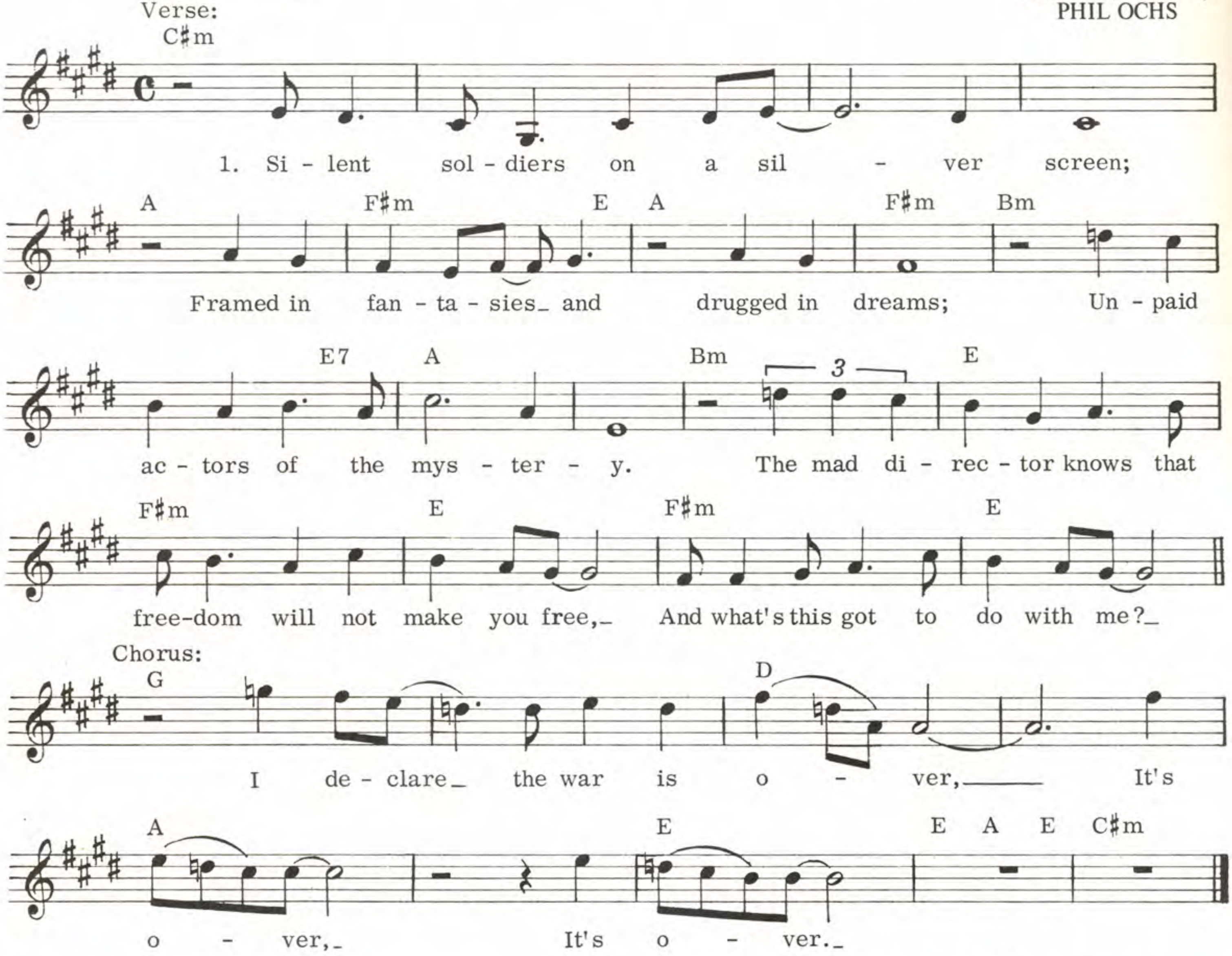
★ A CELEBRATION ★

THE END OF THE WAR!

THE WAR IS OVER

Moderately bright

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Verse:
C♯m
1. Silent soldiers on a silver screen;
A F♯m E A F♯m Bm
Framed in fantasies and drugged in dreams; Unpaid
E7 A Bm E
actors of the mystery. The mad director knows that
F♯m E F♯m E
freedom will not make you free, And what's this got to do with me?
Chorus:
G D
I declare the war is over, It's
A E E A E C♯m
over, It's over.

2. Cardboard cowboys of a new frontier
Drowning Indians in vats of beer.
The troops are leaving on the Trojan train;
The sun is in their eyes, but I am hiding from the rain.
Now one of us must be insane: I declare the war is over, it's over, it's over.

3. All the children play with Gatling guns.
Tattooed mothers with their tattooed sons.
The strong will wonder if they're really strong.
It doesn't matter lately whether we are right or wrong.
But surely we've gone on too long. I declare...

4. Angry artists painting angry signs
Use their vision just to blind the blind,
Poisoned players of a grisly game.
One is guilty and the other gets to point the blame.
Pardon me if I refrain: I declare...

5. Drums are drizzling on a grain of sand,
Fading rhythms of a fading land.
Prove your courage in the proud parade;
Trust your leaders where mistakes are almost never made,
And they're afraid that I'm afraid—
Yes, I'm afraid the war is over.

6. But at least we're working building tanks and planes,
And a raise is coming so we can't complain.
The master of the march has lost his mind.
Perhaps, some other war, this fabled farce would all be fine,
But now we're running out of time. I declare...

7. So, do your duty boys and join with pride;
Serve your country in her suicide;
Find a flag so you can wave good-bye.
But just before the end even treason might be worth a try—
This country is too young to die. I declare...

8. One-legged veterans will greet the dawn,
And they're whistling marches as they mow the lawn,
And the gargoyles only sit and grieve,
The gypsy fortuneteller told me we've been deceived—
You only are what you believe.
And I believe the war is over, it's over.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS

The line goes around the corners of the corner
never was there a more respectable line
pungent professors sweet and sour students
and the porter advises
you must have a ticket to stand in this line

The fortune teller ticket seller
clears her cardboard glasses
tongues of tickets lap the pinching fingers
she never smiles back at the smiles
she only stares expressionless
at the doorman
who paces back and forth
and says
you must have a ticket to stand in this line

The bitter banter is tossed back and forth
they plot against the war
staring at each others wives
limping thru their lives
at last a picture with a point
says the underground director
handing his sculptured friend a joint
and the constable clears his throat with wine
and says
you must have a ticket to stand in this line.

CREDITS

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robert emery, editor

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Remo Bramanti: Cover and Lay Out

Ron Cobb: Pages 32, 41, 65, 77

Heinrich Kley: Pages 23, 25, 90

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Ron Cobb: Pages 2, 7, 46, 52-53, 91
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Alice Ochs: Pages 5, 45, 47, 48-49, 61
Michael Ochs: Cover, Inside Cover, Pages 9, 13, 51, 54, 55, 69, 97
Popsie: Page 50
United Press International: Pages 39, 63, 85
Roger Webster: Page 19
Piano Arrangements by Joe Levin

ARTICLES

"That Was The Year That Weren't," From CAVALIER Magazine, December, 1965.

"And That's Phil Ochs," From the LOS ANGELES OPEN CITY, November, 1967, written by Andy Wickham.

"Have You Heard? The War Is Over," and "Sung Out," From the New York City VILLAGE VOICE, November 23, 1967 and July 21, 1966. Reprinted by permission of the VILLAGE VOICE. Copyrighted by the VILLAGE VOICE, Inc., 1966-67.

"Broadside Interview," From the New York BROADSIDE Magazine, BROADSIDE #63, October 15, 1965.

"The Newport Pneumonia Fuzz Festival," From THE REALIST, #61, August, 1965.

ALL POEMS BY PHIL OCHS.

DISCOGRAPHY

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SING" — EKS-7269

ONE MORE PARADE • THE THRESHER • TALKING VIETNAM • LOU MARSH • POWER AND THE GLORY • CELIA • THE BELLS • AUTOMATION SONG • BALLAD OF WILLIAM WORTHY • KNOCK ON THE DOOR • TALKING-CUBAN CRISIS • BOUND FOR GLORY • TOO MANY MARTYRS • WHAT'S THAT I HEAR.

"I AIN'T MARCHING ANYMORE" — EKS-7287

I AIN'T MARCHING ANYMORE • IN THE HEAT OF THE SUMMER • DRAFT DODGER RAG • THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO HEAR • THAT WAS THE PRESIDENT • IRON LADY • THE HIGHWAYMAN • LINKS ON THE CHAIN • HILLS OF WEST VIRGINIA • THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS • TALKING BIRMINGHAM JAM • BALLAD OF THE CARPENTER • DAYS OF DECISION • HERE'S TO THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

"PHIL OCHS IN CONCERT" — EKS-7310

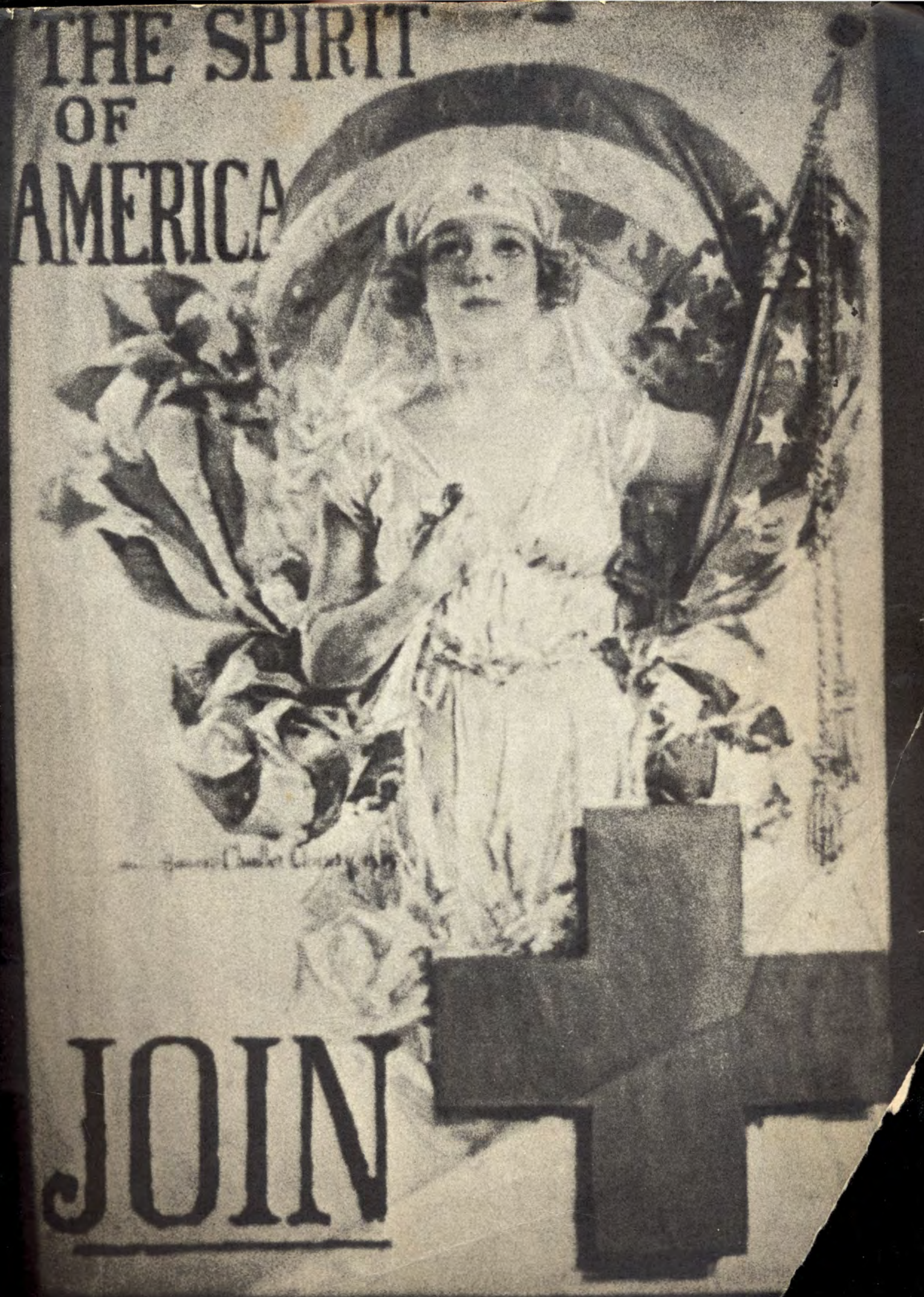
I'M GOING TO SAY IT NOW • BRACERO • RINGING OF REVOLUTION • IS THERE ANYBODY HERE • CANONS OF CHRISTIANITY • THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE • COPS OF THE WORLD • SANTO DOMINGO • CHANGES • LOVE ME I'M A LIBERAL • WHEN I'M GONE.

"PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" — A&M SP4133

CROSS MY HEART • FLOWER LADY • OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS • I'VE HAD HER • MIRANDA • THE PARTY • PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR • THE CRUCIFIXION.

"TAPE FROM CALIFORNIA" — A&M SP4148

TAPE FROM CALIFORNIA • WHITE BOOTS • HALF A CENTURY • JOE HILL • THE WAR IS OVER • THE HARDER THEY FALL • WHEN IN ROME • FLOODS OF FLORENCE.


THE SPIRIT
OF
AMERICA
Howard Chandler Christy
JOIN